

The New




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The New Jerusalem.

“Suspirate in æternam Hierusalem; quo praecedit spes vestra, sequatur vita vestra; ibi erimus cum Christo. Christus nobis modo caput, gubernat nos modo desuper, amplectetur secum illa civitate cum aequales erimus angelis Dei. Non auderemus hoc suspicari de nobis, nisi promitteret veritas. Hoc ergo concupiscite fratres, hoc die noctuque cogitate. Si vultis armati esse contra tentationes in seculo, crescat et roboretur desiderium Hierusalem aeternae in cordibus vestris. Transiet captivitas, veniet felicitas, damnabitur hostis extremus, et cum rege sine morte triumphabimus.”—AUGUSTINE *on Psalm 137.*

JAN 21 1935

The New Jerusalem.

A HYMN OF THE OLDEN TIME

" Alleluia, laeta mater concinis Hierusalem ;
Alleluia, vox tuorum civium gaudentium ;
Exules nos flere cogunt Babylonis flumina."
OLD LATIN HYMN.

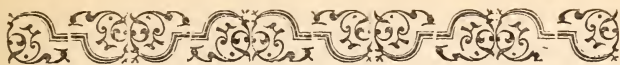


LONDON :

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“ Et hinc jam pervenitur in Hierusalem, in regnum et civitatem David, in visionem pacis, ubi beati pacifici, filii Dei (interius et exterius omnibus pacificatis), ingressi in gaudium Domini sui, celebrant Sabbatum Sabbatorum.”—BERNARD, *Sermo III. de Pugna Spirituali*.

“ Ab illa (Hierusalem) peregrinamur in hac vita, ad ejus reditum suspiramus; suspiramus tandiu miseri et laborantes donec ad illam redeamus.”—AUGUSTINE *on the 126th Psalm*.



PREFACE.

THE hymn which these pages contain has been reprinted from a "Broadside," which, although without a date, is probably of the beginning of the last century. I have met with no printed copy older than this. The text of this old sheet has been taken as the basis of this edition. From other copies, in various forms, the different readings have been gleaned which are set down at the foot of the page.

David Dickson, minister at Irvine a little before the middle of the seventeenth century, has hitherto been reputed the author, on the authority of Robert Wodrow, who refers to "some short poems, on pious and serious subjects," published by Dickson, "such as the Christian

sacrifice, O Mother, Dear Jerufalem, and, on fomewhat larger octavo, 1649, True Christian Love, to be fung with the common tunes of the Pfalms.” Of these it is evident that Wodrow does not speak upon hearfay, but from perfonal knowledge; for he adds, “This is all of his I have feen in print.”*

Such is all that has hitherto been known refpecting the hymn. It has been univerfally believed to be David Dickfon’s; and this belief dates back not merely from the time of Wodrow, but apparently from Dickfon’s own time, as the hymn would feem to have been printed then, along with the others which were undoubtedly his own.

Such was, till lately, our own belief in the matter. It has now undergone confiderable change. The way in which we were led to this it may be as well to ftate, as it involves the hiftory of the hymn.

More than a year and a-half ago, when preparing this edition, we were informed that there exifted a copy of the hymn, in a manuscript volume in the British Museum, which eftablifhed a much older authorfhip than that of David Dickfon. A few months after, we had an opportu-

* See his Life of Dickfon, published in 1726.

nity of inspecting the volume minutely. It is a thin quarto, small size, purchased some years ago at Mr Bright's sale, and is No. 15,225. It has been bound somewhat recently, and is marked on the back, "Queen Elizabeth." This date, however, is incorrect, as the following statement will show:—There are references to King James, which prove that it belongs to his reign. There are two songs in reference to the death of a Mr Thewlis. The first is at page 45; the heading runs thus: "Here followeth the song Mr Thewlis writ himself, to the tune of —." The second is at page 49, and is thus headed: "Here followeth the song of the death of Mr Thewlis, to the tune of Daintie, come thou to me." We cannot extract the whole; but it begins thus:—

O God above, relent,
And listen to our cry;
O Christ, our woes avert,
Let not thy children die.

It ends thus:—

O happie martyred saints,
To you I call and cry,
To heale us in our wants,
O beg for us mercie.

It is evident that Thewlis was a Romanist; and in the

list of the twenty-four "secular clergymen" who suffered death for treason during the reign of James, one "John Thulis" is given as having been executed at Lancaster, on the 18th of March 1616.* And though there is a slight difference in the spelling of the name from what we find in the manuscript, yet we can hardly doubt that the Mr Thewlis of the manuscript is the John Thulis of the historian. If so, then this interesting volume must be assigned to the reign of James the First. At the same time, it must be remembered that this does not fix the date of the hymns, or ballads, or songs contained in it, to that reign. Some of them are much older, going back even to an earlier period than Queen Elizabeth's reign. Several of the pieces in it do indeed refer to events of her time. There is, for instance, at page 61, "A song of four priestes that suffered death at Lancaster, to the tune of Daintie, come thou to me." Now, as only three Romanists in all were executed at Lancaster during the reign of James, and as these were not executed at once, but one (Lawrence Bailey) in 1604, and the other two (John Thulis and Roger Wrenno) in 1616; and as neither

* See Dodd's Church History of England, vol. iv. p. 179.

Bailey nor Wrenno were priests, but simple laymen ; and as, moreover, we know that on two occasions four priests were executed together in the reign of Elizabeth, we are inclined to date this song some time towards the close of the previous century, as it seems to be written not long after the event it refers to.*

At page 85, there is a song beginning, "My Mind to me a Kingdom is," which was a well-known piece in the latter end of the sixteenth century, and is to be found in a thin quarto music book, entitled, "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, made into music of five parts, by William Byrd," about the year 1588.†

Again, at page 99, there is a piece called "The Parliament of Devils." Now, in 1509, there was published a small quarto, called "The Parlymente of Devylles."

* We give the two last stanzas as specimens,—

All laudes and glorie great be to the Trinitie,
In his eternal seate, one God and persons three ;
And to the Virgin mild, the Queen of heaven high,
With Jesus, her loving child, in all eternitie.

Unto all prophets meeke, to Christ's apostles deare,
Martyrs, confessors eake, and to all virgins cleare ;
And unto each of them, crowned in their degree,
With joy in Jerusalem, God's blessed face to see.

† See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 6th Ed., vol. 2, p. 101.

But how far the two correspond I cannot say, as I have not had an opportunity of comparing them.

At page 58, there is a piece which seems to be of Elizabeth's reign. It comes in thus: "Here followeth a song of the Puritan," and begins thus:—

In dayes of yore, when words did pass for bands,
Before deceit was bred or fraud was seen,

Then unborne was the Puritan.

And thus it goes on for several stanzas, sneering at the Puritans as the introducers of all evil into the land.*

* There is a somewhat similar poem given by Evans, (Old Ballads, vol. iii. p. 262.) It is a black-letter piece, entitled, "Time's Alteration; or, The Old Man's Rehearsal what Brave Days he knew a great while ago, when his Old Cap was New." The following is a specimen of it:—

For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way,
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,

That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No Puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

There is another attack upon the Puritans, also in the form of a song, by

Again, at page 94, there is "A Carol for Christmas Day," which begins thus:—

From virgin's womb this day did spring.

In "The Paradife of Daintie Devises," we find this hymn. There it is simply entitled, "For Christmas Day," and has this preliminary couplet—

Rejoyce, rejoyce, with hart and voyce,

In Christe's birth this day rejoyce.

As the above volume of poetry was printed in 1576, this hymn must be at least of that date, and is by Francis Kinwelmersh, a barrister of that period.*

Again, at page 78, there is a piece beginning, "Hierusalem, thy joyes divine," which was printed in 1601, in a volume entitled, "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ; containing the Story of his Life and Passion, the Tears of Christ in the Garden; *with the description of the Heavenly Jerusalem.*" Of this we shall have occasion

Bishop Corbet, about the middle of the 17th Century, entitled, "The Distracted Puritan." It does little credit to the piety, or the poetry, or the wit of the bishop. There is another, also, called "The Oxford Riddle," published in 1643.

* The hymn is No. 5 in "The Paradise of Daintie Devises," and is quoted in the Select Poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign, published by the Parker Society. Vol. ii. p. 291.

again to speak, on account of its singular resemblance to the hymn before us.

From these statements, it will be seen that the volume in question is a collection of already existing poems from various sources. The collector or transcriber must have lived in the reign of James, but most of the pieces collected are of an earlier date. Several of these anonymous scrap-books of the seventeenth century have come to light, and in them are contained pieces which are to be found no where else. Unfortunately, they seldom give the names of the writers; and such is the case with the MS. we are referring to. There is one piece, at page 31, signed Thomas Hill; but this is the only author's name given throughout.

The special song or hymn for which we went to the volume, is entitled, "A Song made by F. B. P., to the tune of Diana." We print it entire, that the reader may judge of the remarks we have to offer, giving as foot-notes the parallel passages in the other hymn which we have already referred to.*

* The reader will find it reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1850, p. 582, with some remarks.

A SONG BY F. B. P. TO THE TUNE OF DIANA.

- 1 Hierusalem, my happy home !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joyes when shall I see ?
- 2 O happie harbour of the saints !
 O sweete and pleasant soyle !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.
- 3 In thee noe sicknesse may be seene,
 Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore ;
 There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,
 There is life for evermore.

The first verse of the other hymn runs thus—

Hierusalem ! thy joyes divine,
 Noe joys may be compared to them;
 Noe people blessed soe as thine,
 Noe cittie like Hierusalem.

This verse is not given in the Parker Society edition, which we have reprinted in the Appendix. There are many minor variations between that edition and the MS. version of the hymn. I was not aware of this till too late, else I should have marked the different readings. The original *printed* edition I have not seen.

Verse 2. To this the 4th verse of the other corresponds—

She longs from rough and dangerous seas,
 To harbour in the haven of blisse;
 Where safely anchored at her ease,
 Ane store of sweete contentmente is.

- 4 Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe colde nor darksome night ;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.
- 5 There lust and lukar cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heate, nor colde,
But pleasure everie way.
- 6 Hierusalem ! Hierusalem !
God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joyes ; and of the same
Partaker aye to bee.
- 7 Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.
- 8 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine ;

Verses 4 and 5. There blustering winter never blowes,
Nor sommer's parching heate doth harme ;
It never freezeth there, nor snowes,
The weather's ever temperate warm.

Verses 7 and 8. The walls of jasper stone be built,
Most rich and fayre that ever was ;
Her streets and houses paved with gold,
With gold more cleare than christall glasse.
Her gates in equall distance be,
And each a glistering margarite ;

Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

9 Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God ! that I were there.

10 Within thy gates nothinge doth come
That is not passinge cleane,
Noe spider's web, no durt, no dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

11 Ah ! my sweete home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see.

12 Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,
They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still reioyce,
Most happie is their case.

Which commers in farre off may see,
A gladsome and a glorious sight.

Verse 9. Her inward chambers of delighte,
Bedecked with pearls and precious stones;
The doors and posterns all be white,
And made of wrought and burnished bones.

13 Wee that are heere in banishment,
 Continuallie doe moane ;
 We sigh, and sobbe, we weepe, and weale,
 Perpetuallie we groane.

14 Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
 Our pleasure is but paine ;
 Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,
 Our sorrowes still remaine.

15 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 As that to them a thousand yeares
 Doth seeme as yesterday.

16 Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are
 Most beautifull and faire ;

Verse 13. From banishment she, more and more
 Desires to see her countrey deare ;
 She sits and sends her sighs before ;
 Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

How like is the above to Augustine's words : " Gemens inenarrabiles gemitus in peregrinatione mea; et recordans Hierusalem, extento in eam sursum corde, Hierusalem patriam meam, Hierusalem matrem meam; teque super eam regnatorem, illustratorem, patrem, tutorem, maritum, castas et fortes delicias, et solidum gaudium et omnia bona ineffabilia, simul et omnia; quia unum summum et verum bonum; et non avertar donec in ejus pacem matris charissimæ, ubi sunt primitiæ spiritus mei, unde mihi ista certa sunt, colligas totum quod sum, a dispersione et deformitate hac et conformes atque confirmes in æternum, Deus meus, misericordia mea."

Confess. B. xii. C. 16.

Verses 16 and 17. The trees doe blossom, bud, and bear,
 The birdes do ever chirping sing ;

Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderfull and rare.

17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continuall are greene ;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seene.

18 There is nectar and ambrosia made,
There is muske and civette sweete ;
There manie a faire and daintie drugge
Are troden under feete.

19 There cinomon, there sugar grow,
There narde and balme abound ;
What toungue can tell, or harte containe,
The ioyes that there are found.

The fruit is mellow all the year,
They have an everlasting spring.
The pleasant gardens ever keep
Their hearbes and flowers fresh and green ;
All sort of pleasant daintie fruits,
At all times there are to be seen.

Verses 18 and 19. The lily white, the ruddy rose,
The crimson and carnation flowers,
Bewatered there with honey dewes,
And heavenly drops of golden showers.
Pomegranate, prince of fruits, the peach,
The daintie date and pleasant figge ;
The almond, muscadell, and grape,
Exceeding good, and wondrous bigge :

20 Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,
 The flood of life doe flowe ;
 Upon whose bankes on everie syde,
 The wood of life doth growe.

21 There trees for evermore beare fruite,
 And evermore doe springe ;
 There evermore the angels sit,
 And evermore doe singe.

22 There David stands with harpe in hand,
 As Master of the Queere ;
 Tenne thousand times that man were blest,
 That might this musicke heare.

The lemon, orange, medlar, quince,
 The apricot, and India spice,
 The cherry, maiden-plum, and pear,
 More sorts than were in Paradise.
 The fruit more eyesome, toothsome, farre,
 Than that which grew on Adam's tree,
 With whose delight assailed were,
 And both suppressed, Eve and He.
 The swelling odoriferous balm,
 Most sweetly there doth sweate and drop ;
 The fruitful and victorious palm
 Lays out her mounted lofty top.

The word "suppressed" which occurs above is similarly used in "the Complaint of a Synner," in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises,"

My fainting soul *suppressed sore* with careful clogge of sin.

Verse 20. The river, wine most pleasant flows,
 More pleasant than the honeycomb,
 Upon whose banks the sugar grows,
 Inclosed in reeds of cinamon.

- 23 Our Ladie singes Magnificat,
With tunes surpassinge sweete ;
And all the virginns beare their parte,
Siting above her feete.
- 24 Te Deum doth Sant Ambrose singe,
Saint Augustine doth the like ;
Ould Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songes to seeke.
- 25 There Magdalene hath left her mone,
And cheerfullie doth singe
With blessed saints, whose harmonie
In everie street doth ringe.

Verses 22—24. Triumphant martyrs you may hear
Recount their dangers, which do cease ;
And noble citizens ever weare
Their happie gowns of joy and peace.
The glorious courtiers, ever there,
Attend on person of the King ;
With angels joined in a queere,
Melodious hymns of praises sing.
The virgins, dressed in lily white,
The martyrs clad in scarlet red ;
The holy fathers, which did write,
Wear laurel garlands on their head.
Each confessor a golden crown
Adorns, with pearl and precious stone ;
The apostles, peerless in renown,
Like princes sit on royal throne.
Queen mother, Virgin eminent,
Than saints and angels more divine ;
Like sun amid the firmament,
Above the planets all doth shine.

26 Hierusalem ! my happie home !
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

FINIS. FINIS.

No one can doubt, I think, that the above hymn is the basis of that which has commonly been ascribed to David Dickson. The first line (which is a sort of key-note to the whole) is different ; there are many variations throughout ; and the hymn itself has been more than doubled in size (the original containing 104 lines, and the later version 248); yet it is plain that the old version given above is the original. How it came into David Dickson's hands, we cannot say. We have Wodrow's statement that the hymn was in his day ascribed to Dickson, but we have no farther information about it. It is, so far as I am aware, only to be found in the "Broadside" form, and it is not printed along with his other pieces.* He

* See, for instance, the edition printed at Glasgow, in 1764, "True Christian Love ; to be sung with any of the common tunes of the Psalms, written by the late reverend and learned Mr David Dickson," &c. &c.

seems to have been the enlarger and the publisher of it, so that in this way it has come to bear his name as the sole author.

But, it may be asked, is it not still possible that Dickson may have been the author of the original hymn? Now, it may be admitted that the fact of its being found in this MS. volume is not of itself conclusive. For as the volume cannot be of an earlier date than 1616, and may be a year or two later, it is *possible* that Dickson might have written it, seeing he would then be a young man of about twenty-eight years of age. But besides that it is very much more likely that such pieces would find their way from the south to the north, than from the north to the south, there to be transcribed into a scrap-book of the day, there is strong presumptive evidence that the hymn was in existence at the end of the previous century, when Dickson could only be about ten years old. The cognate hymn to which I have already referred was printed in 1601, and the two are so entirely similar, in spirit, and in idea, and in diction, that they must either have been written by the same author, or else one of them must have come from the hand of a mere copyist,

or rather plagiarist. If Dickson was its author, he must either be also the author of its fellow, or else have been a mere imitator. Besides, the old MS. assigns the hymn to one F. B. P., who wrote it to the tune of Diana. To whom these initials point, we cannot discover. They are not the initials of any of the poets of the period, great or small; and certainly they are not those of Dickson.

The authorship of the hymn is wholly unknown. It does somewhat resemble the spirit and style either of Southwell or Breton, more than of any other poets of that period; but this is all that we can say.

In the "Brief Notices" prefixed to the Select Poetry of the Parker Society, it is said that the principal poem in the volume which contains "the description of the heavenly Jerusalem," bears a strong resemblance to that entitled, "Mary Magdalen's Lamentation for the Loss of her Master Jesus" (p. xl.); and farther, that the latter is "supposed by some to be the production of Sir Nicholas Breton." If this be the case, then Breton must be the author of the two New Jerusalem hymns, as we may call them. But it is mere conjecture.

There is a short piece, called "The Wishes of the

Wife," that has some faint likenesses to the two poems, though its tone is not quite so tender. It is by Thomas Bryce (1559), and contains such stanzas as these:—

When shall this time of travail cease,
Which we with woe sustayne?
When shall the daies of rest and peace,
Return to us agayne?
When shall Hierusalem rejoyce,
In Him that is their Kyng,
And Sion hill with chereful voyce,
Syng psalmes with triumphing?
When shall thy Christ, our King, appear,
With power and renoune?
When shall thy saintes that suffer here,
Receyve their promest crowne?

There is, however, a nearer resemblance to the style of the two hymns in a piece by Thomas Peyton, called "The Glasse of Time," which appeared in 1620. The following is a specimen. Describing Paradise, he writes:—

How is thy ground exceeding rich and faire,
A region seasoned with a temperate air.
Dear Paradise! how famous was thy name,
When God himself erected first thy frame,
Endued thy land with such things it is set,
As time for ever never can forget.

The lofty walls were all of jasper built,
Lined thick with gold, and covered rich with gilt,
Like a quadrangle, seated on a hill,
With twelve brave gates, the curious eye to fill ;
The sacred lustre as the glistening zone,
And every gate framed of a several stone.

The chalcedony and the jacinth pure,
The emerald greene, which ever will endure,
The sardonix, and purple amethyst,
The azured burnisht sapphire is not missed ;
The chrysolite, most glorious to behold,
And tophaz stone, which shines as beaten gold ;
The chrysoprasus of admired worth,
The sardius, beryll, seldom found on earth.
The dores thereof of silvered pearle most white.

That sweete disciple which the gospel wrate,
And lent at supper (when Christ Jesus sate)
Upon the bosom of his Lord and King.
He from the heavens this Paradise did bring,
Perused the walls, and viewed the same within,
Described it largely, all our loves to win ;
The christal river, with the tree of life,
God's dearest Lamb, and sacred spouse, his wife ;
The various fruits that in the garden grows,
And all things else, which in abundance flows,
Hath rapt my sense to think how God at first,
Framed all for Adam and his offspring curst.

More of its authorship cannot be said. If any of those who have access to the British Museum thought it worth while to bestow a little trouble on this matter, the hymn would probably be found in some rare volume of the Elizabethan or subsequent period.

But though we cannot assign the whole hymn to Dickson, yet we must not entirely set aside his claim. Nearly two-thirds of the hymn, as it stands in our Scottish *Broadfides*, are his, so that it is to him that Scotland owes it in the form in which it has been known and sung for two centuries. How it came into his hands, we know not. I suspect that it was printed, and think it not unlikely that in its original printed form it may yet come to light. One might conjecture that Dickson had *both* the poems before him, as there are one or two passages in his version which seem to have been suggested by some references in the longer one which do not occur in the shorter.*

With a spirit much in sympathy with the feeling which breathes throughout this beautiful old piece, and often

* As the hymn, in its enlarged state, seems to have floated about Scotland for generations, so the original seems to have done the same in England. In the last century, we have it in the form given in the Appendix (at

placed in circumstances fitted to loosen him from earthly scenes, and to draw his eye upwards, it is not wonderful that Dickson should have dwelt upon it and cherished it, till it came forth in a new shape, cast more in a Scottish mould. He was one that could thoroughly appreciate its tender sadness and its lofty breathings. It will not be thought out of place to glance at his life and character, considering him as in part the author, and at least the editor, of the hymn which has so long borne his name.

page 74); and, in a small work published by the Rev. W. Burkitt (the Expositor), dated 1693, it is given as follows:—

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
When shall I come to thee !
When shall my labours have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruit
Continually are green;
So sweet a sight, by human eye,
Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why must I keep from thence ?
What folly is't that makes me loathe
To die and go from hence.

He was born about the year 1583, in Glasgow, and died in 1662, in Edinburgh, in which city, for the last ten years of his life, he had been Professor of Theology. Throughout a much-tossed, busy life, he shone out nobly as the man of God and the servant of Christ, blest beyond most of his day in his ministry and teaching. Excellently gifted by nature, and trained by early discipline to studious industry and patient thoughtfulness, he came forth as the scholar, the theologian, the ecclesiastic.

Brave in spirit, and resolute in action, like his contemporaries whom God raised up in that age, and filled with

Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

When wilt thou come to me, O Lord!
O come, my Lord, most dear;
Come nearer, nearer, nearer still,
I'm well when thou art near.

My dear Redeemer is above,
Him will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Shall soon come after me.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
O how I long for thee,
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

the bold hardiness of their warring fathers, he feared the face of no man, nor weighed the amount of earthly disadvantage or danger that might be incurred in taking the side of truth. Steadfast as well as fervent in his zeal, he laboured unweariedly for Christ and for his church, in times when the stream of authority and fashion of opinion bore hard against godliness; when labour brought with it no recompense, save that which is laid up for us in heaven, and which shall be ours when our Lord returns. Sagacious and meditative, he had fully taken the soundings of his own heart, and showed peculiar skill in searching the hearts of others. His life was spread out over varied fields of experience, by which he was fitted for the varied service he was called upon to undertake for God.

Not morose or sullen, as the jesting world has learned to call such men, but kind and loveable, nay, breathing oftentimes the genialities of mild humour and well-tempered mirth. Not sour in visage, nor furnished with a "nasal twang," such as Mr Macaulay's fancy has (with equal childishness and untruth) made the necessary appendage of a Puritan; but pleasant though homely in speech; nay, goodly in countenance, as an English traveller of that day,

who went to hear him at Irvine, describes him,—“a well-favoured, proper, old man, with a long beard, who showed me all my heart.” Not cold or selfish, as the godless love to paint the godly, but warm-hearted, tender, and gentle; now weeping over the desolations of a torn and smitten church, now yearning over his rural flock, now watching with paternal care the steps of some student stripling whom he is training for the ministry. Not a lover of controversy, though often forced to do battle for the wronged and wounded Truth. Earnest for peace, yet fearless as his native rocks when conflict came. Not ambitious, yet willing to lead when a leader was called for. Content to serve his Master anywhere, in the village or the city, in the pulpit or the professor’s chair, yet greedy of quiet and seclusion,—sighing and longing, as has been said of him, in the midst of college rivalships and city-stirs, for the “fandy hillocks of Irvine.”

He was one that loved to comfort himself with the harp. More than once he took it down, and sent forth from it notes which not only solaced his own vexed spirit in evil days, but went wide and far over the land, passing down to our own age, and likely to pass beyond it. They

have been on the lips of Scotchmen for two centuries; and better have they been to Scotland, more fruitful on high deeds and holy living, than all her ballads of love or war, of grief or joy. An Ayrshire bard in very deed, he never “profaned the God-given strength,” nor defiled the homeliness of his native tongue, by linking it with the slang of folly and pollution, as if it were the mother-tongue of profanity and lust. Very much did these songs of his do for the elevation of his countrymen, in whose lips they became household words; yet posterity flights him and his memory, while it extols the genius of him who, by his impure songs, has sapped the morality of his nation, and impregnated its youth with grossness and impurity. The peasantry of Scotland have much for which to thank the memory of David Dickson,—little indeed for which to rejoice in that of Robert Burns. These sentiments may not perhaps meet with much sympathy, even from many who take the name of Christian; but with the Bible in his hand, and an eternal world in view, how can a man write otherwise? Let genius be honoured and let poetry be loved, but let not the *prostitution* of genius and poetry be praised, nor the deep moral wrong inflicted on the nation by this

fad prostitution, be overlooked by any man who loves his country, loathes obscenity, and prizes the purities of the domestic hearth.

We claim for David Dickson no ambitious place in the ranks of Scottish poets. Let it be granted that he must be content with a humble place; yet his poetry, such as it was, was *pure*. He did not need, at the close of his life, like the licentious Robert Herrick, thus to bemoan his wasted gifts :—

For these, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, Lord, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not Thine.

For if ever poetry was dedicated to God, it was that of David Dickson. Each “sentence, clause, and word” was “inlaid” with the name of his beloved Lord. His “rhymes” were all “baptized” into Christ, and dedicated to heavenly love. Their key-note is the first verse of his poem called *True Christian Love*.

I have a heart for love, so then
I cannot choose but have;
A love that can give full content,
The least is I can crave.

And for their subſtance the following verſes may be taken as ſpecimens :—

My love's his Father's eldeſt ſon,
His Father, King of kings:
His heritage is heaven and earth,
And in them both all things.
In Him my Sabbath is begun;
He teacheth me to ceaſe
From mine own works, and leads me to
His reſt by ſteps of peace.

By Him the withered rod bears fruit,
With Him is manna hid ;
The law in Him lies cloſed from ſpeech,
Except through mercy's lid.
By Him my prayers are perfum'd,
And ſmell as incenſe ſweet ;
By Him my cup is furniſhed,
And table filled with meat.

The prieſt, the altar, and the lamb,
The laver waſhing all ;
And what elſe any right did ſign,
He fills up great and ſmall.
The Judge that rides his people from
All adverſaries' hand.
Our kingly King, by whom we may,
Poſſeſs that promiſed land.

To all his subjects affable,
Above all earthly kings ;
His basest servants have his ear
At all times in all things.
He is the church's dearest love,
And therefore must be mine ;
Tho' I be base, yet will His grace
To be my love incline.

Campbell, in his specimens of the British poets, has given us a few remarks on the Scottish poetry of the seventeenth century. In one place, when commenting on the writings of Dunbar (fifteenth century), he tells us that in his works, and those of his contemporaries, "there is a gay spirit, and an indication of jovial manners which forms a contrast to the *covenanting national character of subsequent times*."* And again, speaking of Alexander Hume of Logie, who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, wrote several pieces of very sweet and simple, yet natural and vigorous poetry, he tells us that "Hume lived at a period when the spirit of Calvinism in Scotland was at its gloomiest pitch."†

Is it possible, we ask, that there could be true refinement of mind, or dignity of soul, in one who could so

* Vol. ii. p. 69.

† Vol. ii. p. 239.

thoroughly mistake grossness for gaiety, and obscenity for wit; who could express his admiration for works, many of whose beauties are set in filth such as no pure mind can tolerate, and who could, at the same time, utter his scornful loathing for works where all is purity in every page and line? Let Dunbar's excellencies as a poet be conceded; but his impurities are serious drawbacks—far more serious to a high-toned mind than even the gloom of Calvinism.

Of course, a man who had no relish either for Calvinism or religion, could not be expected to say any thing else. He writes as he feels. But one who knows aught of the writings of that period, is struck with the *utter untruthfulness* of the statement. He who made it, could never have read the religious authorship of that century, or he must have read it with so much of the spirit of the scoffer, as not to be able to gather from it aught save the one idea—that it was thoroughly and intensely pervaded with the one thing which his soul abhorred—RELIGION.

For neither the lives nor the writings of these men were gloomy. They were cheerful, gladsome men; but it was the cheerfulness and gladfomeness of men who were

walking with God, and which, therefore, a man of the world could neither appreciate nor understand. There is much that is solemn about them and their works ; but nothing morose, nothing gloomy, nothing unkindly. Men in earnest they were, brave and resolute—ready to face a world in doing battle for the truth ; but not harsh or unloving. Within them lodged the warmest hearts that ever throbbed in human breasts.

A man who never knew what it is to shed a tear for sin, might call a hymn like the following gloomy :—

The weight of sin is wondrous great,
Wha may that grievous burden bear ;
My God, maist humblie I submit
Myself before thy Hightness here.

O ruthfullie incline thine ear,
Unto my pitiful complaint ;
Thy punishment and plagues retire,
From me poor pining penitent.*

But the man who has felt that sin, and judgment, and eternity, and the wrath of God, are all real, will find in such language the true reflection of his own heart, and

* Hume (of Blairlogie), 1606.

will rejoice in such utterances more than in the polished sentimentalisms of the highest poetry.

In Dickson's poem we have the utterance of a soul broken off from earth, and not at home amid its scenes of sin, and toil, and pain,—a soul making hard for its well-known haven, all the more eagerly because the voyage has been no smooth one, but one unbroken course of buffeting with wind and tide. It is “the better country, even the heavenly,” that he desires, and towards this the longings of his soul are poured out. In spirit and tone it reminds us of the fifty-fifth and eighty-fourth, or hundred-and-twentieth Psalms. Its key-note is, “Oh that I had wings like a dove;” or, “My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord;” or, “Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar.” Vexed and weary with the tossings of a world in which there was nothing congenial, nothing loveable, laid hold of by many griefs at once, that went far to sicken him of man and of earth, he fixed his eye upon the “many mansions,” and sung this song of exile in the land of strangers.*

* John Bunyan's description of the pilgrim's feelings at one stage of his journey is very appropriate here :—“As they walked in this land, they had

Perhaps, when his name was cast out as evil, and the scoffer of Edinburgh was singing under his window, in mockery,

The work goes bonnilie on,
Good morrowe to you, grey-beard,

he was chaunting, with an intensity of eagerness only sharpened by "the song of the drunkard,"

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

It is a hymn of mingled sadness and triumph ; more, however, of the latter than the former. It contains, no doubt, much of "the salt of broken tears," but it contains more of "the joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is the song of a prisoner, yet of one who, through his prison-bars, sees afar off the bright slopes of his native hills. It is a solemn chaunt, nay, at times almost melancholy, were it not for the bursts of joy pervading it, like

more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound ; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones ; also the streets thereof were paved with gold, so that by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian fell sick."

fragrance scattered o'er the lone moorland, or like sunshine streaming in through the shaken foliage on some martyr's forest-grave.

It offers us neither polish nor ornament. "It is old and plain;" and of it we may say, not only that

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
Did use to chant it;

but the ploughman at his plough, the weaver at his loom, the traveller on his journey, the schoolboy loitering along, the children round the hearth, the hunted martyr in his hiding-place, have all chanted the rude old melody, and found utterance through it to the home-sick longings of their souls.

If men praise him who sang so plaintively of "the Land o' the Leal," can they deny some praise to him who sang with as plaintive sweetness, and far nobler longings,

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all!

The world, however, has no relish for such aspirations. Sentimental pictures of what it calls "the better land" it can admire; but the "heavenly country," where all is

holy and spiritual, it cannot away with. Sometimes, indeed, it can chime in with its own fingers, when they sing "there's nothing bright but heaven." Nay, it can count beautiful such a picture as that drawn by one of its old poets, when, pointing to the heaven of the Christian, and reasoning with a heathen, one of his personages thus speaks:—

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat ;
Famine nor age have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe, bury in
Oblivion your feigned Hesperian orchards.

—————The Power I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades, for He hath made His bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.*

But when a man who has risen above the world, and whose soul has no taste either for the gaieties or the grossness of earth, strikes his harp, and draws out from its chords the deep realities of a heaven where Christ is all, he is treated as a weakling or a fanatic. Massinger may describe his vague shadowy heaven, and be admired ; but if David Dickson sing thus—

* Massinger.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
 Thy joys when shall I see ;
 Thy King sitting upon his throne,
 And thy felicity.
 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
 So wonderful and fair ;
 And furnished with trees and fruit,
 Most beautiful and rare.
 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green ;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen,—

he is only wondered at as an enthusiast.*

Objections have been taken to some parts of the hymn, as favouring of superstition. The editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*† condemned the introduction of *Magnificat* and *Te Deum*, and speaks of them as “proving

* Yet perhaps they may hear an old father of the church :—“Finita viâ, habitabimus in illa civitate quae nunquam ruitura est, quia et dominus habitat in ea et custodit eam, quae est visio pacis, æterna Hierusalem ; pacis illius, fratres mei, cui laudandae lingua non sufficit, ubi nullum hostem jam sentiemus, nec in ecclesia nec extra ecclesiam, nec in carne nostrâ, nec in cogitatione nostrâ. Absorbebitur mors in victoria, et vacabimus ad videndum Deum in pace, cives Hierusalem facti, civitatis Dei.”—AUGUSTINE on *Psalm* 135.

† Nov. 1840, p. 417.

that the hymn was written during the days of Episcopacy ;” adding, that they “do not sound well in Presbyterian ears.” He copies the hymn from *Stephen’s Episcopal Magazine*,* and seems to have no idea of its authorship. The editor of this latter magazine tells us that it would be “a waste of time to endeavour to discover its author ;” and hints that it must have been written in the days of Episcopacy.

In a subsequent number of the *Christian Instructor*, another version of the hymn is given, viz., that of an old manuscript found in St Giles’ steeple, Edinburgh, and printed under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Y. Walker, now one of the ministers of Perth. This version the editor considers the genuine one, to the disparagement of the other, which he considers “Prelatic,” and interpolated. His words are these : “The chief difference betwixt the two versions consists in the *Te Deum* and *Magnificats*, which the Prelatic party seem to have thrust in.”† This statement is a very unfortunate one, as will appear from two considerations : (1.) The introduction of *Magnificats*, &c., is by no means a “Prelatic” or Popish de-

* Jan. 1835.

† Vol. ix. (1840), p. 469.

vice. (2.) The most Popish looking lines of the whole hymn are retained in the “genuine” edition. On both of these points a few remarks may be needful.

1. The introduction of *Magnificats*, &c., is not a device peculiar either to Popery or Prelacy. The proof of this is easy. In John Knox’s prayer-book, all the old hymns are given with what some would call their Popish titles. Thus we have the *Veni Creator*, then the *Nunc Dimittis*, then “The Song of the Blessed Virgin Marie, called *Magnificat*.” Surely John Knox was not prelatically or popishly inclined; nor were there any prelates at hand to foist in such titles. Or let us take “The Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Sangs, with Sundrie Gude and Godlie Ballates.” In one page, we have the *Nunc Dimittis*; in another, “Ane Ballat of the Epistle on Christinmas Even;” in another, the *Quare fremuerunt gentes*; in another, the *De profundis*; in another, the *Miserere*; in another, the *Magnificat*. Surely the Wedderburns and their contemporaries were not Prelatists or Papists? Other examples of a similar kind might be adduced; but these are enough to shew the absurdity of charging Prelacy or Popery upon every one who ventures

to make use of the Latin titles to the Psalms of David or the hymns of the New Testament. What Prelacy or Popery is there in conceiving of Mary, and Zacharias, and Simeon as singing the songs they sung on earth, and of Ambrose or Augustine as doing the same?*

2. The lines which look more Popish than any of the rest, are two which are retained in the “genuine” edition:—

And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing (or sitting) about her feet.

Respecting these I know not what to say. I could easily produce allusions of a similar kind in the old Latin hymns, but I do not know of any such in any Protestant hymns, save a rather singular one in the “Gude and Godly Ballates.” It is to the following effect. I give the two preceding stanzas.

For us that blessit bairne was borne,
For us he was baith rent and torn,

* As to the conjunction of the names of Ambrose and Augustine, I suppose it is done in reference to the ancient title of the *Te Deum*, which was *Canticum Ambrosii et Augustini*. As to the authorship of that hymn, Daniel has a large dissertation, which the reader who is curious in these matters may consult. He thinks that the hymn is of Greek origin, translated and introduced into the Church by Ambrose.—*Theol. Hymnol.* vol. ii., p. 290.

For us he crowned was with thorn :
Christ has my hert ay.

For us he shed his precious blude,
For us he was nailit on the rude,
For us he in many battell stude :
Christ has my hert ay.

*Next him to luv his Mother fair,
With stedfast hert for evermair,
Sche bore the birth, freed us from cair :
Christ has my hert ay.*

The first line of the last stanza seems to contain rather a questionable statement ; yet it is one given forth by our reformed fathers. I might perhaps refer to the following lines of Sir David Lindsay, in the fourth book of *The Monarchie*. He is enumerating those who shall be found on the right hand of the Judge.

Full gloriously there shall appear,
More bright than Phæbus in his sphere,
*The Virgin Mary, Queen of queens,
With many a thousand of Virgins.*

With Eve that day shall he present
The ladies of the Old Testament.

But the authority of this writer may perhaps not be reckoned great in matters of this kind.

With these parallel citations I leave the passage as it stands. It does seem to come oddly from the pen of David Dickson, whether he was the author or the mere editor of the hymn.

If any one should be disposed to blame the labour thus spent in editing one single hymn, I am not very careful to answer them, nor to defend myself from the charge of wasted time. The world prides itself in rescuing every literary fragment of antiquity, often vile enough, and why should not we take some pains to set forth correctly those pure utterances of faith and hope; even were it for no other reason than the favour which they found with the grave and holy men of Scotland's better days, going swiftly and widely abroad over the land, and becoming familiar as household words on the lips of her sons and daughters?

Besides thus finding an opportunity for turning to some account the readings of other days, I confess that the employment (not a very laborious one, and engaged in at intervals of leisure,) has been a very congenial one, as well as fraught with profit. Even though I could

regard it in no higher light than wiping off the dust from the picture of some venerated kinsman, or clearing away the moss from the inscription on some martyr's moorland grave, I still feel not a little satisfied in having been able to give completer shape to the breathings of a faint now gone up to that Jerufalem which he longed to see.

KELSO, *Feb.* 1852.



The New Jerusalem.

I.

- 1 O Mother dear, *Jerusalem*,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 5 O happy harbour of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil!

Gal. iv. 26.

Ps. xxvii. 4.

Isa. xxx. 19.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 7. In thee no sorrows can be found.

II.

Isa. xxxiii. 24.

9 In thee no sickness is at all,
 No hurt, nor any fore ;
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,
 But life for evermore.

Luke xviii. 30.

13 No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
 No dull nor darksome night ;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God himself gives light.

Isa. lx. 19, 20.

III.

17 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway ;

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 10. But life for ever mair.
 „ 12. No grief, no toil, no care.
 „ 13. No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee.
 „ „ No dimming cloud o'ershadows them.
 „ 14. No cloud nor darksome night.
 „ 16. And God himself gives light.
 „ 17. There lust and lucre cannot dwell.

There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasure every way.

Rev. vii. 16.

21 *Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !*

Would God I were in thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

Ps. xxv. 17.

IV.

25 No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful wight is there ;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
No well-away, no fear.

Isa. lxxv. 19.

29 *Jerusalem* the city is

Of God our King alone ;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon his throne ;

Isa. xxxv. 10.

Ps. xlviii. 2.

Rev. xxi. 23.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 19. No hunger, thirst, nor heat are there.

„ 20. But pleasures every way.

„ 25. No pains, no pangs, no hopeless grief.

„ „ No pain, no pang, no bitter grief.

V.

Phil. i. 23.

- 33 Ah, God, that I *Jerusalem*
 With speed may go behold—
 For why? The pleasures there abound,
 With tongue cannot be told.
- 37 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine;
 With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
 Surpassing pure and fine;

Rev. xxi. 19,
20.

VI.

- 41 Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear,
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 Where angels do appear;

Rev. xxi. 18.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 33. O God, that I Jerusalem.
 „ 34. With speed might now behold.
 „ 36. Which here cannot be told.
 „ 39. With jasper, pearls, and chrysalites.
 „ 43. Thy streets are made of beaten gold.
 „ 44. There angels do appear.

45 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
 O God ! if I were there.

Rev. xxi. 16.

Rev. xxi. 21.

VII.

49 Within thy gates no thing can come
 That is not passing clean ;
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 No filth may there be seen.

Rev. xxi. 27.

53 Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
 And end my grief and plaints ;
 Take me to thy *Jerusalem*,
 And place me with thy faints ;

Rev. xxii. 20.

Mat. xxv. 33,
34.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 45. Thy walls are made of precious stone.
 „ 46. Thy bulwarke diamonds square.
 „ 50. That is not passing clear.
 „ 51. No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust.
 „ 52. No filth may there appear.
 „ 53. Jehovah, Lord, now come I pray.
 „ 56. Place me among thy saints.

VIII.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

57 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 And see God face to face ;
 They triumph still, and aye rejoice,
 Most happy is their case.

Mat. v. 8.

61 But we that are in banishment,
 Continually do moan ;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 Perpetually we groan.

2 Cor. v. 4.

IX.

Rom. vii. 23.

65 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 Our pleasure is but pain,
 Our joys not worth the looking on,
 Our sorrows aye remain.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 59. They triumph all, and do rejoice.
 „ 62. Continually do roam.
 „ 66. Our pleasures are but pain.
 „ 67. Our joys are not worth looking on.
 „ 68. Our sorrows still remain.

69 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play ;
 That unto them a thousand years
 Seem but as yesterday.

John xvi. 24.

X.

73 O my sweet home, *Jerusalem* !
 Thy joys when shall I see ;
 Thy King sitting upon his throne,
 And thy felicity.

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

77 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
 So wonderful and fair ;
 And furnished with trees and fruit,
 Most beautiful and rare.

Song of Sol.
 v. 1.

Rev. xxii. 14.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 74. God grant I soon may see.
 „ 78. So wonderfully rare.
 „ 79. Are furnished with all kinds of fruit.
 „ 80. Most beautifully fair.

XI.

Song of Sol.
iv. 15.

81 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen ;

Song of Sol.
iv. 6.

85 There cinnamon and sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound ;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there abound.

XII.

Rev. ii. 17.

89 There nectar and ambrosie spring,
There musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fine and dainty drug
Are trod down under feet.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 84. As nowhere else do grow.
 „ 88. The pleasures there are found.
 „ „ What pleasures there are found.
 „ 89. There nectar and ambrosia spring.
 „ 90. The musick's ever sweet.
 „ 91. There many a fair and dainty drug (or drog).
 „ „ There many a fair and dainty thing.

- 93 Quite thro' the streets with pleasant sound, Ps. xlv. 4.
 The flood of life doth flow ;
 Upon whose banks on every side, Rev. xxii. 1, 2.
 The trees of life do grow.

XIII.

- 97 These trees each month do yield their fruit, Rev. xxii. 2.
 For evermore they spring ;
 And all the nations of the world
 To thee their honours bring. Rev. xxi. 24.
- 101 *Jerusalem*, God's dwelling-place,
 Full fore long I to see ;
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee ! Ps. lv. 6.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 93. Along the street with pleasant sound.
 " 95. Upon the banks on every side.
 " 96. The Tree of life doth grow.
 " 97. These trees each month yield ripe fruit.
 " " These trees each month yield ripened fruit.
 " 100. To thee their homage bring.

XIV.

Ps. lvii. 8.

105 There *David* stands with harp in hand,
 As Master of the Queir ;
 A thousand times that man were blest
 That might his musick hear.

Luke i. 46.

109 There Mary sings *Magnificat*,
 With tunes surpassing sweet ;
 And all the Virgins bear their part,
 Singing about her feet.

XV.

Luke i. 68.

Luke ii. 29.

113 "*Te Deum*" doth Saint *Ambrose* sing,
 Saint *Austin* doth the like ;
 Old *Simeon* and *Zacharie*,
 Have not their songs to feek.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 106. The master of the choir.
 " " Among the heavenly quhair (or queir).
 " 110. In tunes surpassing sweet.
 " 112. Sitting around her feet.
 " 114. And holy Austin eke.
 " 115. Just Simeon and old Zachary.

117 There *Magdalene* hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing
 With all blest faints ; whose harmony
 Thro' every street doth ring.

Rev. xiv. 2.

XVI.

121 *Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !*
 Thy joys fain would I see ;
 Come quickly Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to thee.

125 O print thy name in my forehead,
 And take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
 And sing thy praises aye.

Rev. xxii. 4.

Ps. cxlv. 2.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 118. And cheerily doth sing.
 „ 119. With all blest saints, while harmony.
 „ 122. Thy joy fain would I see.
 „ 125. O plant (or paint) thy name in my forehead.
 „ „ O write thy name in my forehead.

XVII.

Jer. iii. 17.

129 *Jerusalem*, thrice happy feat!
 Jehovah's throne on high,—

Rev. xxi. 9.

O sacred city, queen and wife
 Of Christ eternallie!

Is. lxii. 3.

133 O comely Queen! with glory clad,
 With honour and degree;

Is. lii. 1.

All fair thou art, exceeding bright,
 No spot there is in thee!

XVIII.

Isa. xxxiii. 20.

137 I long to see *Jerusalem*,
 The comfort of us all;

Is. liv. 14.

For thou art fair and beautiful,
 None ill can thee befall.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 129. Jerusalem, thy happy throne.
 „ „ Jerusalem, the happy home.
 „ „ Jerusalem, the happy seat.
 „ 137, 144. Some versions omit these two stanzas.
 „ 139. For it is sweet and beautiful.

141 In thee, *Jerusalem*, I say,
 No darknes dare appear ;
 No night, no shade, no winter foul,
 No time doth alter there ;

Song ii. 11.

XIX.

145 No candle needs, no moon to shine,
 No glistering stars to light,
 For Christ the King of righteousness,
 There ever shineth bright.

Rev. xxii. 5.

149 The Lamb unspotted, white, and pure,
 To thee doth stand in lieu
 Of light, so great the glory is
 Thine heavenly King to view.

Rev. xxi. 23.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 144. Time doth not alter there.
 „ 145. No meteors need, no moon to shine.
 „ „ No candles burn, no moon doth shine.
 „ 146. No glittering stars do light.
 „ 147. The Sun of righteousness.
 „ 148. There ever shineth bright.
 „ 149. A Lamb unspotted, white, and pure.
 „ 151. Of every light ; thy glory is
 Thy heavenly King to view.

XX.

Rev. vii. 11.

153 He is the King of kings be-set
In midst his servants' fight ;

Rev. vii. 15.

And they, his happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.

Rev. xv. ii.

157 There, there the Queir of angels sing,
There the supernal fort
Of citizens (which hence are rid
From dangers deep) do sport.

XXI.

Rev. vi. 11.

161 There be the prudent Prophets all,
The Apostles fix and fix,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 153. "Be-set," as given above, is the true reading, instead of "beset;" and means set or seated, with the common prefix "be," as be-cloud, be-dim.

„ 154. In midst his servants' right.

„ 157. There dwell the queir of angels bright.

„ 159. Of citizens who now are freed
From danger's deep resort.

„ 163. The glorious martyrs on a row.

165 There doth the crew of righteous men,
 And matrons all confist,
 Young men and madis that here on earth
 Their pleasures did resist.

Rev. xiv. 4.

XXII.

169 The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
 The snares of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 Whereof no tongue can tell.
 173 And tho' the glory of each one
 Doth differ in degree;
 Yet is the joy of all, alike
 And common, as we see.

1 Pet. iv. 18.

Zech. iii. 2.

Lu. xix. 17-19.

Ps. cxlix. 9.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 166. "Nations," evidently a misprint. "Exist" for
 "consist" in some copies.
 „ 169. The sheep and lambs that hardly scape.
 „ 170. The snare of death and hell.

XXIII.

1 Cor. xii. 8-12.

Ps. xvii. 15.

Rev. vii. 12.

Isa. vi. 3.

Rev. iv. 8.

177 There love and charity doth reign,
 And Christ is all in all ;
 Whom they most perfectly behold
 In glory spiritual.

181 They love, they praise—they praise, they
 love,
 They “ Holy, Holy,” cry ;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 But laud continually.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 177. There love and charity do reign.

„ 180. In joy celestial.

Both this and the above are *old* readings; and our readers may perhaps remember that one of the oldest translators of the *Veni Creator* has this expression :—

“ The fountain and the lively spring
Of joy celestial ;
 The fire so bright, the love so clear,
 And unction spiritual.”

XXIV.

185 O happy thousand times were I,
 If, after wretched days,
 I might, with listening ears conceive
 Those heavenly songs of praise,
 189 Which to the eternal King are sung
 By happy wights above—
 By saved souls, and angels sweet,
 Who love the God of love !

Ps. cxlvii. 2.

Rev. xiv. 3.

XXV.

193 O passing happy were my state,
 Might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 His praises there to found !

Luke xxi. 36.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 187. I might, with listening ears enjoy.
 „ 190. By heavenly wights above.
 „ 191. By sacred souls and angels sweet.
 „ 192. To love the God of love.
 „ 192. To praise the God of love.
 „ 196. And there his praises sound.

1 Peter iv. 13.

197 And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favour and his grace ;
According to his promise made,—
Which here I interlace.

XXVI.

John xvii. 24.

201 “ O Father dear,” quoth he, “ let them
Which thou hast put of old
To me, be there where, lo, I am,
My glory to behold.

Prov. viii. 23.

205 Which I with thee, before this world
Was laid in perfect wise,

John xvii. 5.

Have had; from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise.”

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 199. According to his promise, when
Earth was his dwelling-place.
„ 202. Which thou hast given of old.
„ 203. To me, be there whereso I am.
„ 204. Thy glory to behold.
„ 206. Was made, in perfect wise.

XXVII.

209 Again, "if any man will serve,
 Then let him follow me ;
 For where I am, be thou right sure
 There shall my servant be."

John xii. 26.

213 And still, "if any man love me,
 Him loves my Father dear ;
 Him I do love ; to him myself
 In glory will appear."

Jo. xiv. 21-23.

XXVIII.

217 Lord, take away my misery,
 That there I may behold,
 With thee, in thy *Jerusalem*,
 What here cannot be told.

Ps. xiv. 7.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 210. There let him follow me.
 „ 211. That where I am, be thou right sure.
 „ 212. There shall my servants be.
 „ 215. Whom I do love ; to him myself.
 „ 218. That then I may be bold.
 „ 220. Thy glory to behold.

Is. xxxiii. 7.

221 And so in *Zion* see my King,
 My Love, my Lord, my All ;
 Whom now as in a glafs I see,
 There face to face I shall.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

XXIX.

Matt. v. 8.

225 O blessed are the pure in heart,
 Their Sovereign they shall see !
 And the most holy heavenly host,
 Who of his household be.

Ps. cxlii. 17.

229 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
 These gins and fetters strong,
 For I have dwelt within the tents
 Of *Kedar* over-long.

Ps. cxx. 5.

VARIOUS READINGS.

- Line 224. Then face to face I shall.
 „ 225. O blessed is the pure in heart,
 His Saviour he shall see ;
 „ 226. O ye most happy heavenly wights,
 Which of God's household be.
 „ 229. O Lord, with haste come end my grief.
 „ 231. For I too long have dwelt in tents,
 To *Kedar* that belong.

XXX.

233 Yet search me Lord, and find me out,
 Fetch me thy fold unto ;
 That all thy angels may rejoice
 While all thy will I do.

Ps. cxix. 176.

237 O mother dear, *Jerusalem*,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Cor. v. 8.

XXXI.

241 Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
 To quit me from all strife,
 That to thine hill I may attain,
 And dwell there all my life ;

Ps. xxxi. 20.

Song iv. 6.

Ps. xxiii. 6.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 233. The two following verses are wanting in some copies.

Ps. cxlix. 5.

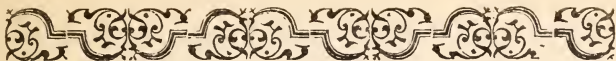
Rev. xxii. 20.

245 With Cherubims and Seraphims,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O God of Hosts,
For ever, and *Amen!*



NOTES.





NOTES.

Line 1.—"O Mother dear, *Jerusalem.*"

The expression, *mother dear*, is suggested by Gal. iv. 26. —"Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." No one of the kindred hymns, either Latin or English, preserves the figure.—*Urbs Jerusalem beata*, are the commencing words of one; *Cælestis O Jerusalem*, those of another; *Cælestis urbs Jerusalem*, those of a third. It is in allusion to the figure that Augustine calls a saint *supernus Hierosolymitanus*—a citizen of the Jerusalem that is above. See his "City of God," b. 20, ch. 17. Richard Baxter thus sings:—

Jerusalem above,
Glorious in light and love,
Is mother of us all.

Line 2.—"When fhall I come to thee."

Thus prayed Barnaby Barnes in the sixteenth century :—

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradise may mee releeve, opprest.

Line 3.—"When fhall my sorrows have an end."

Thus Jeremy Taylor :—

My soul doth pant towards thee,
My God, source of eternal life,
Flesh fights with me,—
O end the strife!
And part us, that in peace I may
Unclay
My wearied spirit, and take
My flight to thy eternal spring,
Where for His sake
Who is my King.
I may wash all my tears away
That day!

Line 5.—"O happy harbour of God's saints."

I suppose that the word *harbour* is not used in the present sense of a port or haven for ships (which is only a secondary

meaning of the word); but in that sense in which it is so often met with in old works, both English and Scotch, especially the latter. Thus the verse in Rom. xii. 13, which we translate “given to hospitality,” is by Coverdale translated “glad to *harbarow* ;” and 1 Tim. iii. 2, is rendered, “a Biszhoppe must be sober, discrete, manerly, *harberous*.” In Archbishop Hamilton’s Catechism we read, “He (God) gives thee meit, drink, claith, and *harbory*.” Sir D. Lindesay has it in that part of his *Monarchie* in which he paraphrases the conclusion of the 25th of Matthew :—

When saw we thee come to our door
Hungry and thirsty, naked and poor ;
When saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused *Harbery* ?

At the same time, it may be noticed that in the Old English Hymn, given in the Appendix, the idea of a *haven* is that which is presented to us.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas
To harbour in the haven of bliss ;
Where safely anchor at her ease,
And store of sweet contentment is.

Line 6.—“ O fweet and pleasant foil.”

In that magnificent Ode of the last century, “ The God of

Abraham Praise," the following stanzas occur, which the reader can compare with this verse of the hymn :—

The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty bless'd ;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest :
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

Line 8.—"No grief, no toil, no care."

Thus an old Latin hymn on the day of judgment :—

Ibi jam non erit metus
 Neque luctus neque fletus,
 Non egestas non senectus
 Nullus denique defectus.

Line 11.—"There is no death, nor *ugly* fight."

Sir D. Lindesay uses the same epithet when, speaking of the Dead Sea, he calls it an "ugly flood." Dunbar has "ane ugsome, ugly, foul tramort," (*i. e.* corpse). And Dickson himself, in his "Exposition of the Tenth of Job," speaks of "the *ugly* devouring grave."

Line 12.—"But life for evermore."

Thus Du Bartas :—

Where *life still lives* ; where God his 'sizes holds.

And another author older than he :—

. There is no strife,
N'is (there is not) there no death, but ever life.

Old Poem. ELLIS' *Early English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 86.

Line 13.—"No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee."

There is many a swete sight,
All is day, n'is there no night.

ELLIS' *English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 86.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rds th' eternal hills;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills;
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

ISAAC WATTS.

Line 16.—"For God himself gives light."

Dum licet et spatium vitæ datur, ista relinque
Pro patria cœli qua sine fine dies,
Non est illa dies cursus ut ista dies
Est Deus illa dies, ultima nostra quies.

These are the four closing lines of an old hymn appended to a thin black-letter volume, entitled *Exhortationes Noviciorum*, of date 1490. The title of the hymn is *De judicio mortis et variis casibus ejus*.

Lines 21-24.—"Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Would God I were in thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see."

George Gascoigne has a stanza somewhat similar to this. After telling us that we are to

. . . . Deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heavenly joye,

He adds,—

Unto which joyes for to attayne,
God graunt us all hys grace,
And send us, after worldlie payne,
In heaven to have a place ;

Where wee maye still enjoye that light,
Which never shall decaye ;
Lord, for thy mercy lend us might,
To see that joyfull daye. .

And thus a Scottish hymn-writer of the last century expresses himself :—

Jerusalem above,
My heart's most set upon ;
Where dwells peace, joy, and love,
And pleasures every one.
Let worldly men now lay
Up treasures in their day,
My treasure's there,—I pray,
There, Lord, let me begone.

A pleasant mansion this,
Will be to every one,
On whom eternal bliss,
Flows from Jehovah's throne.
No night, but constant day,
Corruption's banished aye ;
There holiness doth stay,
There, there, Lord, make me gone !

I extract this from a curious volume of sacred poetry (or at least *rhymes*), published at Edinburgh in 1718, by William Cheyn. There is more of the *devout* than the poetical in the different pieces.

Line 25.—No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief.

I have noticed that others read “hopeless grief,” instead of “grieving grief;” but this seems an attempt to improve the original at the expense of its simplicity. “Grieving grief” is not an unnatural nor uncouth expression. The Latins have *mœrens luctus* and *tristis dolor*. Sir D. Lindesay has “dolent lamentation;” and in one of Thomas Melvill’s poems on the death of James Melvill, we have “murning mein,” *i. e.*, mourning moan.

Line 26.—“No woful wight is there.”

One copy reads here *night* instead of *wight*; manifestly wrong, and injurious to the strength and point of the passage. *Wight* is a well-known word, and even the alliterative epithet here used is to be found elsewhere, as in Gawin Douglas’ Virgil. Prol. we have the following line:—

Was never wrocht in this warld mare *woful* ane *wight*.

And Hume of Blairlogie, in one of his “Hymns and Sacred Songs,” uses the same expression:—

When darkness has the heaven revest (clothed),
 Bot (without) either moon or starnie light,
 When man and beast are at their rest,
 Through secret silence of the night,

I, *waltering like a woful wight*,
Still waking in my bed I lie,
My sins present them in my sight,
O hearken Lord, for help I cry !

There is a curious specimen of alliteration in the old poem of Sir Nicolas Breton, called *A Solemne and Repentant Prayer for Former Life Mispent*. It runs thus :—

And banish, Lord, from me delights
Of worldly vanitie,
And lend me helpe to pace the paths
Of perfect pietie ;
And truly so to tread the paths,
And in such godly wise,
That they may bring me to the place
Of perfect Paradise;
And not to wander up and down
In wayes of weary wo,
Where wicked, wily, wanton toyes,
Do leade me too and fro.

And in a hymn of about the same date by George Gascoigne, called “ Good Morrowe,” we have the following alliteration :—

Now cleare your voyce, now cheere your hart,
Come help me now to sing;
Each *willing wight* come bear a part
To prayse the heavenly King.

Line 27.—No figh, no fob, no cry is heard.

“Thou shalt weep no more,” says the prophet; and again,
“sorrow and sighing shall flee away.” Thus *Bonaventura*—

Tunc cessabunt gemitus planetuum dolorum
Cum adjuncta fueris choris angelorum
Nam cantando transies ad cælestem chorum
Nupta felicissime regi seculorum.

A few stanzas of this hymn are given by Mr Trench, p. 130. It is a long poem, and in the edition which I have (1504) it is set to music. Bernard (of Clugny) has the following :—

Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis.
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus,
O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ.

TRENCH.—Pp. 288, 289.

In Pindar's second Olympic Ode, the reader will perhaps remember a similar expression :—

ἀδελφὸν νεμόνται αἰῶνα.

Line 28.—“No well-away, no fear.”

Well-away, wail-away, or wel-away, is not an uncommon

word in old Scotch writers. Thus Sir David Lindesay speaking of the day of judgment :—

With loud *alas* and *wail-away*,
That ever we lived to see that day.

And again, in another place he says :—

With a woful *wail-away*.

I find the word occurring also in one of the poems of Lydgate, who flourished shortly after Chaucer :—

But, welaway! most angelik of face
Our childe, young in his pure innocence.

Spenser also uses it :—

Crying with piteous voice and countenance wan,
Ah, well-away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so piteous sight.

Fairy Queen, b. 2, can. 6, stan. 32.

Lines 31, 32. —The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon his throne.

Thus Dunbar :—

The lamp of joy that chasis all dirkness
Ascended is to be the warld's light.

* * * * *

Above the radious heaven etheriall

The court of sterris, the course of sun and moon,
The potent prince of joy imperiall.

On the "Nativity of Christ."

So also the "Ballate" of the Reformation:—

O Christ whilk art the light of day,
The clude of night thou drives away;
The beam of glore beleevit right,
Showing to us thy perfect light.

There is in the same collection a hymn beginning:—

Go, heart, unto the lamp of light !

Line 33.—"Ah, God, that I *Jerusalem.*"

George Herbert thus sings in his poem *Home*:—

Come, Lord ! my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
Whilst thou dost ever, ever stay;
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick;
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O shew thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Line 34.—"With speed may go behold."

Urbs Syon inclyta turris et edita littore tuto
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto
O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta
Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cælica festa.
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
Agmine splendida stans duce florida perpete lauro
O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo ?

BERNARD of Clugny.

Line 37.—"Thy turrets, and thy pinnacles."

Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt edificia
Auro celsa micant tecta radiant triclina.

DAMIANUS.—See *Daniel Thes. Hymnol.*, vol. i., p. 116.

Line 39.—"With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite."

Jeremy Taylor has something of this sort in his hymn called "Heaven":—

Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone.

There the eye
Of the chrysolite,

And a sky

Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,

And above all thy holy face,

Makes an eternal clarity.

Line 42.—"Thy windows crystal clear."

Crystal clear occurs several times in Sir D. Lindesay. Speaking of a window in Noah's Ark, he tells us that it was

. Well closed with crystal clear,
Where-through the daylight might appear.

And again, writing of the new earth, he says :—

The great sea shall no more appear
But like a crystal pure and clear,
Passing imagination
Of man to make narration.

Line 43.—"Thy streets are laid with beaten gold."

Solis gemmis preciosis
Hæc structura nectitur
Auro mundo tanquam vitro
Urbis via sternitur.

DAMIANUS.

Plateæ et muri ejus
Ex auro purissimo.

Old Hymn.—Dan. i., p. 239.

Line 44.—"Where angels do appear."

Thus sung Richard Baxter regarding angels :—

Ye holy angels bright,
Who stand before God's throne,
And dwell in glorious light,
Praise ye the Lord each one.
You there so nigh,
Fitter than we
Dark sinners be
For things so high !

Line 45.—"Thy walls are made of precious stones."

Portæ nitent margaritis,
Adytis patentibus.

Old Latin Hymn. Dan. i, p. 239.

Hic margaritis emicant
Patentque cunctis ostia.

Ibid.

Line 46.—"Thy bulwarks diamonds square."

Mr Williams, in his translations, or rather paraphrases (for they are not translations), of hymns from the "Breviary," has an expression similar:—

She comes ! The Bride, from heaven-gate
In nuptial new adorning,
To meet the Immaculate,
Like coming of the morning.
Her streets of purest gold are made,
Her walls a diamond palisade.

P. 333.

Line 47.—"Thy gates are made of *orient pearl*."

Sir D. Lindesay, in his Prologue to "The Monarchy," uses the same epithet:—

Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down dang
Like *orient pearls* upon the twists hang.

Line 48.—"O God! if I were there."

The reader will, perhaps, recall here John Bunyan's description of the celestial city, and especially his closing words:—

Which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Lines 51, 52.—"No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be feen."

Abest limus, deest fimus, lues nulla cernitur.

DAMIANUS.

Line 53.—"Jehovah, Lord, now come away."

Now, from Heaven on high,
Christ hath heard my sigh,
Mark'd my mournful cry:

I am weary, weary!

He hath given me peace,
Even tho' pains increase,
Soon shall sorrow cease:

I am weary, weary!

Dawn, thou Heav'nly light,
On my vanished sight;
All there's pure and bright!

I am weary, weary!

ANON.

Line 61.—"But we that are in banishment."

Thus Sir Philip Sydney, in his Paraphrase on the 137th Psalm, "super flumina," uttered the same feelings of exile:—

Thus farre I lye, sweete Sion hill,
 In forraine soile exiled from thee;
 Yet, let my hand forgett his skill,
 If ever thou forgotten be;
 Yea, let my tongue fast glued still,
 Unto my rooffe lye mute in me,
 If thy neglect within me spring,
 Or ought I do but Salem sing.

Line 62.—"Continually do moan."

This world is but a throughfare full of woe,
 And we be pilgrims passing to and fro.

CHAUCER.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.

BERNARD of Clugny.

Line 63.—"We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep."

Here I find no rest;
 By fierce pain opprest,
 And by sin distrest,
 I am weary, weary!

Though this world be fair,
 Sin is ever there,
 And its guilt I share :
 I am weary, weary !

Anon.

Lines 65, 66.—"Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 Our pleasure is but pain."

So Dunbar in his poem, *On the Changes of Lyfe*. He speaks of the "unstabil world," the "wavering world," the "deceivable world." Thus he paints it :—

Yesterday fair upsprang the flouris ;
 This day they are all slain with shouris.

* * * * *

So nixt to summer, winter bein (is) ;
 Nixt after comfort, cairis keen ;
 Nixt after dark night, the mirthful morrow ;
 Nixt after joy, aye comes sorrow ;
 So is this warld, and aye has been.

Lines 65-68.—"Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 Our pleasure is but pain,
 Our joys not worth the looking on,
 Our forrows aye remainin."

Thus old Walter Kennedy wrote in the 15th century :—

This world is set for to deceive ;
 Pryde is the net, and covetice the train ;
For na reward except the joys of herin
Wald I be young in to this world again.
Praise of Age.

And thus wrote Adam St Victor :—

Confusa sunt hic omnia ;
 Spes, metus, mæror, gaudium
 Vix hora vel dimidia
 Fit in cælo silentium.
 Quam felix illa civitas
 In qua jugis solemnitas
 Et quam jucunda curia
 Quæ curæ prorsus nescia.
 Nec languor hic nec senium
 Nec fraus nec terror hostium
 Sed una vox lætantium
 Et unus ardor cordium.

And again, Alanus, with similar longings—

Hic risus sine tristitiâ sine nube serenum,
 Deliciæ sine defectu, sine fine Voluptas,
 Pax expers odii, requies ignara laboris
 Lux semper rutilans, sol veri luminis, ortus
 Nescius occasus, gratum sine vespere mane.

TRENCH'S *Latin Poetry*, pp. 300, 301.

Line 69.—"But there they live in such delight."

Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixa,
Meta laboribus atque tumultibus anchora fixa.

BERNARD of Clugny.

She spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been—
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night.
Where the river swayed a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam—
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

HOGG.

Line 70.—"Such pleasure and such play."

Under heaven n'is land I wiss
Of so mochil joy and bliss.

Old Poem —ELLIS' *Early English Poets*, vol. i., p. 85.

Line 72.—"Seem but as yesterday."

Jeremy Taylor, in one of his curious, uncouth hymns, brings out the contrast to this very strikingly, when, speaking of hell, he describes it as

Horrid darkness, sad and sore,
And an eternal night !

Groans, and shrieks, and thousands more
 In the want of glorious light.
 A viper from the fire
 Is his hire,
That knows not moments from eternity.

Line 73.—"O my sweet home, *Jerusalem.*"

These lines will remind the reader of Casimir's *Unit me Patriæ Decor*, which Watts has thus imitated:—

The beauty of my native land,
 Immortal love inspires;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.

* * * * *

O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
 Where all the happy winds resort,
 When will my Father's chariot come?

Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round,
 For ever see the mourner lie,
 An exile of the sky,
 A prisoner of the ground?
 Descend some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb;
 A grassy turf will raise my head,
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed,
 And shed a sweet perfume.

Here I put off the chains of death,
My soul too long has worn;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath
Or tear to wet my urn.

Line 77.—"Thy vineyards and thy orchards."

O for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city up above those visible heavens.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

Line 83.—"There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers."

Drayton describes an Elysium of his own—a Paradise of "flowers that never fade":—

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time;
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.
Those cliffs, whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
Even bending with their fruits—
Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossomed, some to bloom
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room.

And Pindar has a similar picture. He tells us of the Island of the Blest round which ocean-breezes blow :—

ὠκεανίδες ἄῤῥαι περιπνέουσιν
ἀνθεμα δὲ χρυσῶν φλογεῖ.

Second Olympic.

Line 89.—“There nectar and ambrosie spring.”

Though *ambrosia* does occur in some copies, there can be no doubt that *ambrosie* is the proper reading, as being the old form of the word. Thus in Thomas Melvill's poem on the death of James Melvill, we read :—

His saul now drinks the *ambrosie*,
And *nectar* maist devyne.

Du Bartas has a similar reference :—

Th' imperial palace, where the eternal treasures
Of nectar flow; where everlasting pleasures
Are heaped up, where an immortal May
In blissful beauties flourisheth for aye.

Welwood, in his *Glimpse of Glory*, speaks of Immanuel's “glorious, stately, and ever-flourishing land;” and calls it “a fruitful, fragrant, beautiful, delightsome soil, overflowing with the true and rich *nectar and ambrosia*.”

Line 91.—"There many a fine and dainty drug."

The word *drug* or *drog*, as it is in some of the old copies, is evidently used in the sense of sweet-scented herb. No modern dictionary gives this sense; but I find Salmasius deriving it from the Persic *droca*, signifying *fragrance*. Skinner, in his old *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* (1671), prefers to derive it from the Latin *Tragea*, and gives *aromatarius* as the meaning of druggist or *drooghist*.

In one of Sir Richard Maitland's poems, the word also occurs thus :—

And sun will spend mair, I hear say,
In spyce and *droggis*, on ane day,
Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir.

SIBBALD'S *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, vol. iii., p. 78.

Line 94.—"The flood of life doth flow."

This use of *flood* for *river* is common. Thus Lindesay describing Paradise says :—

To see the earth it was a joy,
Planted with precious trees of price,
Four famous floods of Paradise
Ran through the earth.

And again :—

By bridges pleasant ye may pass
Upon the *flood* of Euphrates.
Among the *floods of Paradise*,
This Euphrates may bear the prize.

An old hymn of the seventeenth century has something parallel :—

There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne ;
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

The oldest metrical version of the Psalms has these lines, which are somewhat parallel :—

For one faire flood doth send abroad
His pleasant streams apace,
To fresh the city of our God,
And reach his holy place.

Psalm xlv. 4.

It is also the word which Wicliff uses in his translation of the passage, Rev. xxii. 1 :—

And he shewed to me a flood of quick water shining as crystal, coming forth of the seat of God and of the Lamb ; in the middle of the street of it, and on each side of the flood, the tree of life, &c.

Line 97.—"These trees each month do yield their fruit."

Thus the old hymn :—

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Line 106.—"As Master of the Queir."

Queer or quier for *choir*; very common in old Scottish poems.
Thus Lindesay :—

Behold in every church and *queer*.

See other places also, both in him, and in the "Gude and Godly Ballates."

Line 109.—"There Mary sings *Magnificat*."

One copy reads *magnificent*, most obviously a misprint. Each of the personages introduced is represented as singing their own

hymn. Mary's hymn is that which commences, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," (Luke i. 46); and in the Latin version, "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*" It is generally known by the first word alone, just as Simeon's song is known as the "*Nunc Dimittis.*"

Line 110.—"With tunes surpassing sweet."

"Hymnosque dulces personant," is the language of an old hymn.—*Dan.* vol. i., p. 112.

Line 111.—"And all the Virgins bear their part."

The old Latin hymn brings before us a similar scene, but its words refer to Christ himself:—

Quocunque pergis, virgines
Sequuntur atque laudibus
Post te canentes cursitant.

Dan., vol. i., p. 112.

Line 117.—"There Magdalene hath left her moan."

This may remind the reader of the Latin "Resurrection Hymn:"—

Pone luctum Magdalena,
Et serena lacrymas!

* * * *

Sume risum Magdalena,
Frons nitescat lucida !

Dan. Thes. Hymnol, vol. ii., p. 365.

Line 125.—"O print thy name in my forehead"

I have preferred this reading to either *paint* or *plant*, from its being much the most apt and natural. *Print* is very common in the old Scotch writers in such a sense as the above, as the following passages will show:—

Lord *print* into my heart and mynde,
Thy Haly Spirit with ferventness,
That I to thee be not unkinde,
But love thee without feignedness.

Compendious Buke of Sangs, p. 62.

Again—

For Davie's deid* in Mary's mind sa *prentit*.

Testament and Tragedie of King Henry.

Again—

Where the judgments of God mak sik a *print* in the soul.

Bruce's Sermons, Wodrow Edition, p. 247

Line 131.—"O facred city, queen and wife."

Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, Sponsa decora
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora ;

* Davie's death, *i. e.*, David Rizzio's death.

Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa
 Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.

BERNARD of Clugny.

Line 137.—"I long to see *Jerusalem*."

Schiller gives utterance to some such feelings in his poem called "The Longing;" but what a contrast between the clear, bright, certain hope of the saint, and the unbeliever's dim, unknown, and shadowy heaven.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clue to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be !

Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill ?

Afar I hear the music ringing,
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose;
 And the light gales are downward bringing,
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.

I see the fruits all golden-glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between;
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing,
 Nor blight, nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine for ever yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee;
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be !

Line 143.—"No night, no shade, no winter foul."

Thus an old English poem:—

There n'is thunder, sleet, nor hail,
 Nor none vile worm nor snail,
 Nor none storm, rain, nor wind,
 There n'is man nor woman blid,
 But all is game, and joy, and glee—
 Well is him that there may be !

Old Poem. ELLIS. Vol. i., p. 86.

Line 148.—"There ever shineth bright."

Thus Dunbar :—

We may not in this vale of bale (grief) abyd,
 Owr-dirkit (o'er darkened) with the sable cloud nocturn;
 The sterne (star) of glory's risen us to guide,
 Abone (above) the sphear of Mars and of Saturn;
 Abone Phœbus the radious lamp discern,
 To the superne, eternall region,
 Where noxial skyis may make no sojourn—
 The Sterne is risen of our redemption.

All follow we the Sterne of most brichtness,
 With the three blissful oriental kings,*
 The sterne of day, voyder of dirkness
 Above all stars and planets, spheres and signs
 Beseeching Him fra whom all mercy springis
 Us to receive, with mirth of angell soun (sound)
 Into the hevin where the Imperial reignis.
The Sterne is risen of our redemption.

Works, vol. ii., p. 60.

O Christ, whilk art the light of day,
 The clude of night thou drives away;
 The beam of glore beleevit right,
 Shawing to us thy perfect light.

Gude and Godly Ballates.

Line 153.—"He is the King of kings be-fet."

The verses from this to 176 are awanting in the MS. found

* This is an allusion to the mediæval tradition as to the *royalty* of the "Wise men from the East" who were guided to Bethlehem by the star. It is purely a *mediæval* tradition, not being found in any of the earlier fathers. There is an old Latin hymn, entitled *De Translatione trium Regum*.—(Daniel's Thesaurus, vol. i., p. 278). And another thus celebrates them:—

Sancti reges, qui jam nato
 Regi regum corde grato
 Tria fertis munera.
 Mentem thus dot elevatam
 Myrrha camen castigatam
 Aurum formet opera.

Horstii Pardisus Animæ, p. 121.

Hilary, not making them kings, but simply wise men, thus expounds their gifts:—"In auro regem, in thure Deum, in myrrha hominem confitendo."—(Commentary on Matthew). See farther, Mr Trench's recent volume, "The Star of the Wise Men," pp. 64, 65.

in St Giles'. The following verse of the old hymn, "The God of Abraham Praise," strikes in here very fitly :—

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains :
 And glorious, with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

And the Old Latin hymn has these lines :—

Qui pascis inter lilia
 Septus choreis virginum.

Dan., vol. i., p. 112.

Line 155.—"And they, his happy household all."

Thus Sir D. Lindesay describes the "court celestial" :—

Into this triumphant throne imperial
 With his mother the virgin, queen of queens,
 There shall be seen the court celestial,
 Apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins ;
 Brighter than Phœbus in his sphear that shines,
 The patriarchs and prophets venerable
 There shall be seen in glore inestimable.

Fourth Book of Monarchie.

Line 157. —“There, there the Queir of angels sing.”

Thus Augustine :—

Ibi hymnidici angelorum chori; ibi societas civium supernorum; ibi dulcis solemnitas a peregrinationibus hujus tristi labore redeuntium; ibi festivitas sine fine, eternitas sine labe, serenitas sine nube.

Comm. on John.

And thus the hymn on the Nativity :—

Psallat altitudo cœli, psallant omnes angeli
Quidquid est virtutis usquam psallat in laudem Dei
Nulla linguarum silescat, voce et omnis consonet
Sæculorum sæculis.

Dan., vol. i., p. 122.

Line 158. —“There the supernal sort.”

Augustine, as I have already stated, calls a saint *Hiersolymitanus supernus*; and in the old hymns one finds numerous expressions of the kind.—Curia cœlitum,—superna curia,—ætherei cives—cœli cives, &c. In a hymn of the middle ages the following lines occur:—

Cœli celant gloriosam supernorum civium
Vitam atque penetrale secretorum omnium
Ubi fantur quod non fatur apud ullum hominem.

Dan., vol. ii., p. 154.

Line 161.— “There be the prudent Prophets all.”

Prudent here means *wise*. It is not merely brought in here on account of the alliteration, but is of very common use in the old Scottish poets. Thus Lindesay speaks of “prudent Saint Paul;” and calls Peter a “prudent preacher;” he speaks of the “prudent patriarchs;” of “prudent prelates.”

Lines 161–168.

“There be the prudent Prophets all,
The Apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men,
And matrons all confist,
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.”

Thus Du Bartas:—

’Tis the grand jubilee, the feast of feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, endless rest of rests;

Which with the prophets and apostles zealous,
 The constant martyrs and our Christian fellows,
 God's faithful servants and his chosen sheep,
 In heaven we hope within short time to keep.

Line 163.—"The glorious martyrs in a row."

An old Latin hymn calls them—

Purpurati martyres.

And another says—

Sanctorum nitida millia martyrum.

Dan., vol. i., p. 187.

Thus Cyprian speaks:—

Martyrum innumerabilis populus.

Line 164.—"And confessors betwixt."

The hymn "De Omnibus Sanctis" says,—

Turba sacra confitentum.

Dan., vol. ii, p. 377.

Line 165.—"There doth the crew of righteous men."

The hymn on "The Nativity" runs thus:—

Te senes et te juvenus, parvalorum te chorus,
 Turba matrum virginumque, &c.

Dan., vol. i., p. 123.

But still more truly parallel, Cyprian writes:—

Illic apostolorum gloriosus chorus; illic prophetarum exultantium numerus; illic martyrum innumerabilis populus, ob certaminis et passionis victoriam coronatus; triumphantes illic virgines quæ concupiscentiam carnis et corporis continentiae robore subegerunt.

De Mortalitate, sect. 26.

Line 185.—"O happy thousand times were I."

Thus sweetly does Augustine write:—

In which Jerusalem is he (the true Israelite) to dwell? In that which has fallen? No. But in that Mother of ours which is in the heavens.

Then after telling us that while here we dwell in Sion, which signifies "looking for," he proceeds to say:—

Life over, we shall dwell in that city which shall never fall, because the Lord keeps it and dwells in it—that which is the eternal Jerusalem, the vision of peace—of that peace, my brethren, for the praise of which no tongue suffices—where we shall find no enemy. Death will be swallowed up in victory, and we shall be employed in seeing God in peace, being made citizens of Jerusalem, the city of God.

On Psalm 134, (135).

Line 194.—"Might I be worthy found."

The use of the word *worthy* here is quite Scriptural, as the

following passages will show:—Luke xx. 35, xxi. 36; 2 Thes. i. 5; Rev. iii. 4.

Line 200.—"Which here I interlace."

In the St Giles' MS. there are four verses awaiting here, from 200 to 216, and the 200dth line is altered so as to suit the connection. In the other old copies they are found, and not only do they come in naturally, but they resemble, both in substance and in the way in which they are introduced, some verses in Dickson's other poem, "True Christian Love."

I hear thee say to God, Behold
 Me, and my children all!
 I hear the Father answer thee,
 I love you great and small.
 I hear thee say, Take me for them,
 Let me their burden bear;
 I hear the Father cry, Content,
 Come, children, come and hear.

Come hear the covenant between
 Me and my dearest Son;
 Come give your heart's consent thereto,
 And then your bargain's done.
 I hear thee say, Man's due is death,
 I'll do thy will, O Lord,
 My soul and body both for their's
 Let suffer : I accord.

Line 203.—"To me, be there where, lo, I am."

All copies here read *thy*, not *my*. Yet as the words are a paraphrase of a verse in John, I have not hesitated to follow the verse on which the words in the hymn are founded :—

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me."—John xvii. 24.

The mistake has evidently arisen from connecting wrongly lines 203 and 204, as if it were Christ that is said to behold the Father's glory, whereas it is Christ praying that his saints may behold *his own* glory.

Line 210.—"Then let him follow me."

Though *thee* completes the sense of the passage well enough, it is not the scriptural expression in the verse referred to by the author. For this reason I should be inclined to read *and* instead of *for* or *that* in line 211.—See John xii. 26. And following the passage we take *servant* not *servants* to be the true reading, though the latter occurs in one of the old copies.

Line 215.—"Him I do love; to him myself."

I have ventured to change the common reading *whom* into *him*. If the reader will look into John xiv. 21, he will have no doubt that this latter is the correct reading. The other not only departs from the words of the evangelist, but interrupts the sense of the hymn.

Lines 217-220.

"Lord, take away my misery,
That there I may behold,
With thee, in thy *Jerusalem*,
What here cannot be told."

Thus sung Paul Gerhardt, a Lutheran minister of a bygone century :—

All suffering, sin, and grief,
Will one day find relief.
When ocean's storms are past,
And lulled the howling blast,
Fairer and sweeter seems the sunny beam.

Fulness of joy and peace,
 Calm which amounts to bliss,
 Wait me in Eden's bowers,
 Mid God's transplanted flowers;
 And this my morning thought and nightly dream.

See WILDENHAHN'S *Paul Gerhardt*, vol. ii., p. 217.

Line 218.—"That there I may behold."

I have followed here the St Giles' MS., which appears much preferable. The *there* points forward to the next lines—to Jerusalem; and though *then* does the same, yet I have preferred taking the variation entire, as it appears in the old manuscript.

Line 224.—"There face to face I shall."

An old English poem, of date about 1350, has the following lines :—

All these, O man, may joys of heaven call,
 Ac yutte (but yet) the most sovereign joye of alle,
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
 In whom resteth all manner of grace.

In the previous part of this old piece, the author (Richard Rolle) had been describing heaven thus :—

There is lyf withoute ony death,
 And there is youthe without ony elde,
 And there is alle manner welthe to welde,
 And there is rest without ony travaille,
 And there is pees without ony strife,
 And there is alle manner lyking of lyf,
 And there is bright summer ever to see,
 And there is never winter in that countrie,
 And there is great melodie of aungeles songe,
 And there is preysing them among.

Line 225.—"O blessed are the pure in heart."

This verse seems to have been subjected to some rude handling, as its variations are of no mere verbal kind. I have followed the old MS.; it seems to bring out the truest, and most continuous, and most appropriate meaning.

Line 229.—"O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands."

Thus Samuel Rutherford :—

O to be freed of these chains and iron fetters, which we carry about with us! Lord, loose the sad prisoners.—*Letters.*

And thus Dickson himself, in the conclusion of another of his hymns :—

Only, my Lord, still pity me,
And tarry not too long :
My spirit and flesh cry, Come, Lord, come ;
Death shall renew my song.

True Christian Love.

Thus Herbert :—

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things :
But when we leave our corn and hay,
There is no fruitful year but that which brings
The last and lov'd though dreadful day.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which is now pinioned with mortality,
As an entangled, hampered thing.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

What have I left that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to heaven is fled ;
My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Line 237.—"O mother dear, *Jerusalem.*"

Thus Augustine :—

O civitas sancta, civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro. Desidero enim videre te et requiescere in te, sen non sinor, carne retentus.

De Spir. et Anim.

Line 242.—"To quit me from all strife."

Quit, *i. e.*, *free me from*, as in the following instances :—

But thou art merciful and kind,
And has promittit in thy write (Scripture),
Them that repent with heart and mind,
Of all their sin to make them *quite*.

*Compendious Buke of Gude and Godly Ballates, &c.
Paraphrase of Psalm xxx.*

And again—

Brint sacrifice is na delight
Unto thy Majestie;
Thou curis (carest) nocht of it ane mite
For sin to satisfie,
For onlie Christ did make us *quite*
Of all enormity.

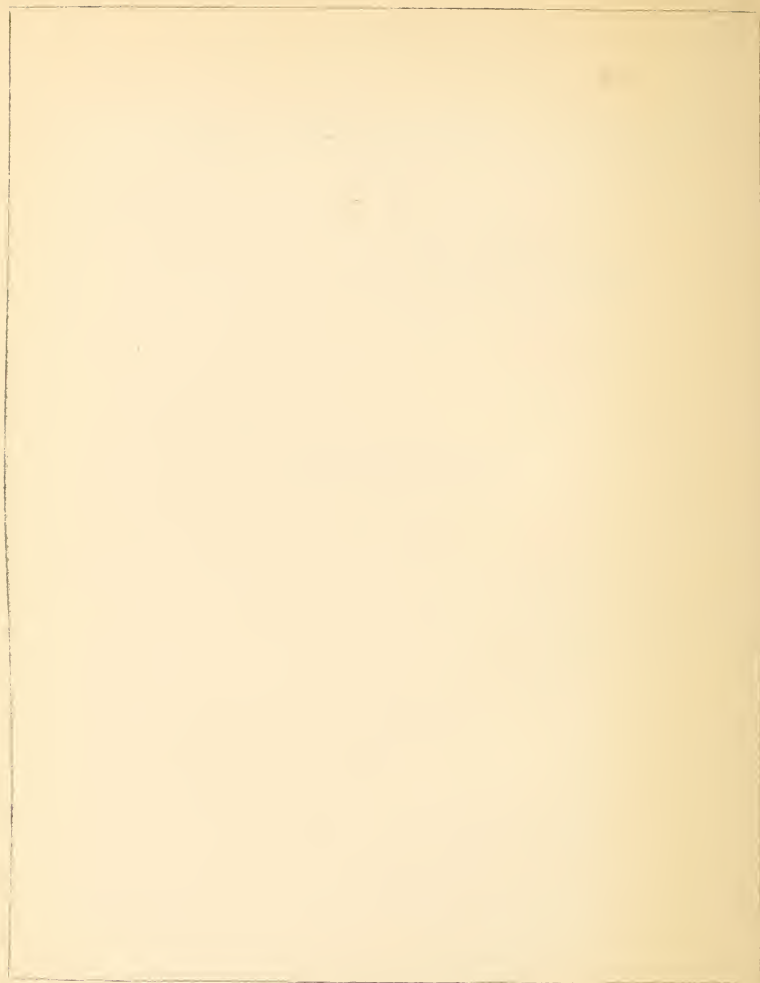
Ib., on Psalm 51.

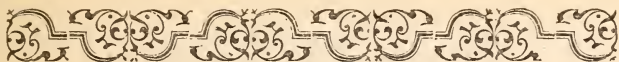
Lines 245, 246.—"With Cherubims and Seraphims,
And holy fowls of men."

Du Bartas, speaking of God above, says:—

Environed round with seraphims and souls
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious flight,
Erst mounted earth above the heavens bright.

APPENDIX.





APPENDIX.

I.

ENGLISH HYMNS.

IN the previous notes I have given parallel *passages*, I now wind up this little book with parallel *hymns*. These are more numerous than might be thought.

The first that I have given is an American version of David Dickson's own hymn. It will not please the reader. In elaborating and modernizing the stanzas of the old rude hymn, the simplicity is taken away.

O Heavenly Jerusalem !
Thou City of my King,
When shall I come to taste thy bliss,
Thy joys when shall I sing ?
O Blessed Mother of us all,
My soul longs after thee !
When will my Captain take me up,
Thy stately grace to see ?

O sweet and charming thy delights,
Thou Holy Mother dear !
No stormy days, nor darksome nights,
Nor winter in thy year.
No dimly burning lamps, nor stars,
Nor melancholy moon,
But God thy Light, and the White Lamb,
Make thine eternal noon.

O noon most sacred, sweet, and bright,
That clearly to thee brings
Thy Lamb's full glory, and the light
Poured from the King of kings !
How soft on veiling wings it falls
Of those celestial choirs
That stand around the throne, and burn
With Love's seraphic fires.

There Love reigns in its utmost bliss,
For God is all in all ;
They love and praise, nor ever cease,
Nor feel distracting thrall ;
But in and out thy gates of Pearl,
They shining do appear ;
Their songs float o'er the Jasper walls
All ravishingly clear !

How happy shall I be, O Lord,
If, when this body dies,

To that Celestial Harmony
My blessed soul may rise.
If I may hear the hymns of praise
To their eternal King,
Which troops of angels and of saints
For ever there do sing.

There the melodious angel bands,
Sweet fellowship of heaven !
There the triumphant souls to whom
The Crown of Life is given !
O joyful pomp, when from their tears,
And trials of the way,
The exiles do return from earth,
Home to their native day !

O goodly fellowship of saints !
O prophets taught of old !
The blessed twelve Apostles there,
The leaders of Christ's fold !
The Martyrs' noble army there,
In glorious array,
The Holy Virgins in white robes,
All fairer than the day !

O glorious metropolis !
Thou holy Mother dear !
My soul is ravished with thy bliss,
How can I linger here ?

O mother dear, Jerusalem !
My soul longs after thee,
When will my Captain take me up,
Thy glorious grace to see ?

The next is one which is usually given as anonymous, but which I suppose is of Watts' time.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee ?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my sorrows have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

The next is a hymn of the same age.

Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
And griefs no more complain ;
And all who reach that peaceful home
With Jesus ever reign.

No cloud these happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray,
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

Fair distant land, could now our eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

Oh, may the heav'nly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!

Our next is Watts' well-known hymn :—

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we but our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Our next specimen of such hymns is one written some time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is anonymous. Its authorship is English ; and its similarity, both in thought and expression, to *the hymn* of our volume, will strike every reader. It is entitled, *The Description of Heavenly Ierusalem.*

My thirsty soul desires her drought
At heauenly fountaines to refresh ;
My prysoned minde would fayne be out
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh vp vnto the state,
From whence she downe by sin did slide ;
She mournes the more the good she lost,
For present euill she doth abide.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas,
To harbour in the hauen of blisse ;
Where safely anchor at her ease,
And store of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more
Desires to see her countrey deare ;
She sits and sends her sighes before,
Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

From Babilon she would returne,
Vnto her home and towne of peace,
Ierusalem, where ioyes abound,
Continue still and neuer cease.

There blustering winter neuer blowes,
Nor sommer's parching heate doth harme ;
It neuer freezeth there, nor snowes ;
The weather's euer temperate warme.

The trees doe blossome, bud, and beare ;
The birds doe euer chirpe and sing ;
The fruit is mellow all the yeare :
They haue an euerlasting spring.

The pleasant gardens euer keep
Their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene ;
All sorts of dainty plants and fruites
At all times there are to be seene.

The riuer, wine most perfect flowes,
More pleasant than the honnycombe ;
Vpon whose bankes the sugar growes,
Enclosed in reedes of sinamon.

Her walles of jasper stones be built,
Most rich and fayre that euer was;
Her streetes and houses pau'd and gilt
With gold more cleare then christall glasse.

Her gates in equall distance be,
And each a glistering margarite,
Which commers in farre off may see—
A gladsome and a glorious sight.

Her sunne doth neuer 'clipse nor cloude ;
Her moone doth neuer wax nor wane :
The Lambe with light hath her endued,
Whose glory pen cannot explaine.

The glorious saintes her dwellers be,
In numbers more then men can thinke ;
So many in a company,
As loue in likeness doth them linke.

The starres in brightnes they surpasse ;
In swiftnes, arrowes from a bowe ;
In strength, in firmnes, steele or brasse ;
In brightnes, fire ; in whitenes, snow.

Theyr cloathing are more softe then silke,
With girdles gilt of beaten golde ;
They in their hands, as white as milke,
Of palme triumphant branches holde.

Theyr faces, shining like the sunne,
Shoot forth their glorious gladsome beames :
The field is fought ; the battle won ;
Their heads be crowned with diademes.

Reward as vertue different is ;
Distinct their ioyes and happines ;
But each in ioy of other's blisse,
Doth as his owne the same possesse.

So each in glory doe abound,
And all their glories doe excell :
But where as all to each redound,
Who can th' exceeding glory tell ?

Triumphant warriers you may heare,
Recount their daungers which doe cease ;
And noble citizens euerywhere,
Their happy gaines of ioy and peace.

The King that heauenly pallace rules,
Doth beare vpon his golden shield
A crosse in signe of tryumph, gules,
Erected in a uerdant field.

His glory such as doth behoue
Him in his manhood for to take,
Whose Godhead earth and heauen aboue,
And all that dwell therein, did make.

Like friends, all partners are in blisse,
With Christ their Lord and Master deare;
Like spouses they the bridegroome kisse,
Who feasteth them with heauenly cheare;

With tree of life, and manna sweete,
Which taste doth such a pleasure bring,
As none to iudge thereof be meete,
But they which banquet with the King.

With cherubins their wings they mooue,
And mount in contemplation hye;
With seraphins they burne in loue,
The beames of glory be so nygh.

O sweet aspect; vision of peace;
Happy regard and heauenly sight;
O endlesse ioy without surcease;
Perpetuall day which hath no night!

O well of weale; fountaine of life;
A spring of euerlasting blisse;
Eternal sunne; resplendant light;
And eminent cause of all that is!

River of pleasure; sea of delight;
Garden of glory euer greene;
O glorious glasse, and mirrour bright,
Wherein all truth is clearly seene!

O princely pallace, royall court ;
Monarchall seate ; emperiall throne !
Where King of kings, and Soueraigne Lord,
For euer ruleth all alone :

Where all the glorious saints doe see
The secrets of the Deity ;
The Godhead one, in persons three,
The super-blessed Trinity.

The depth of wisdome most profound,
All puisant high sublimity ;
The breadth of loue without all bound,
In endlesse long eternity.

The heauy earth belowe by kinde
Alone ascends the mounting fire :
Be this the centor of my minde,
And lofty spheare of her desire.

The chafed deare doth take the foyle ;
The tyred hare the thickest and wood :
Be this the comfort of my toyle,
My refuge, hope, and soueraigne good.

The merchant cuts the seas for gaine ;
The soldier scrueth for renowne ;
The tyllman plowes the ground for graine ;
Be this my ioy and lasting crowne.

The faulkner seekes to see a flight ;
The hunter beates to view the game :
Long thou, my soule, to see this sight,
And labour to enjoy the same.

No one's without some one delight,
Which he endeauours to attaine :
Seeke thou, my soule, both day and night,
This one, which euer shall remaine.

This one containes all pleasures true—
All other pleasures be but vaine :
Bid thou the rest, my soule, adue,
And seeke this one alone to gaine.

Go count the grass vpon the ground,
Or sandes that lye vpon the shore ;
And when yee haue the number found,
The ioyes hereof be many more.

More thousand, thousand yeares they last,
And lodge within the happy mynde ;
And when so many yeares be past,
Yet more and more be still behinde.

Farre more they be than we can weene ;
They doe our iudgment much excell :
No ear hath heard, or eye hath seene ;
No pen can write, no tongue can tell.

An angel's tongue cannot recyte
The endlesse ioy of heauenly blisse ;
Which, being wholly infinite,
Beyond all speach and writing is.

We can imagine but a shade ;
It neuer entred into thought,
What ioys he hath enioyed, that made
All ioys, and them that ioy, of nought.

My soule cannot these ioys contayne ;
Let her, Lord, enter into them,
For euer with thee to remayne,
Within thy towne, Ierusalem !

The next is from the German; its author, Rückert, is not a *sacred* poet, but still the poem is a sacred one, and suits us well. It is called

PARADISE.

Oh, Paradise must fairer be,
Than any spot below !
My spirit pines for liberty,
Now let me thither go.

In Paradise, for ever clear
The stream of love is flowing ;
For every tear that I've shed here
A pearl therein is glowing.

In Paradise alone is rest ;
Joy-breathing, woe-dispelling,
A heavenly wind fans every breast
Within that happy dwelling.

For every wounding thorn below,
A rose shall blossom there,
And sweeter flowers than earth can shew
Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy that budding died,
Shall open there in bloom,
And spring, in all her flowery pride,
Shall waken from the tomb.

And all the joys shall meet me there,
For which my heart is pining ;
Like golden fruit in gardens fair
And flowers for ever shining.

My youth that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall there be with me every day,
With bright wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
I longed for, tasted never,
Shall bloom around me there above,
And be with me for ever !

The next three are translations from the Latin :—

The holy Jerusalem,
From highest heaven descending,
And crown'd with a diadem
Of angel bands attending,
The living City built on high
Bright with "Celestial Jewelry."

She comes, the bride, from heaven gate,
In nuptial new adorning,
To meet the Immaculate,
Like coming of the morning.
Her streets of purest gold are made,
Her walls a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are dight,
Upon that holy mountain ;
And thither come both day and night,
Who in the Living Fountain
Have washed their robes from earthly stain,
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown
The Living Stones are moulded

To a glorious shrine, all one,
Full soon to be unfolded :
The building wherein God doth dwell—
The holy Church invisible.

WILLIAMS.

O heavenly Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls!
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls !

Thou art the golden mansion
Where Saints for ever sing ;
The seat of God's own chosen—
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb the light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm Hope from thence is leaning,
To her our longings bend ;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us,
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ the Son that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit,
All things created bow.

WILLIAMS.

Open is the starry hall;
Hear ye? 'tis the Bridegroom's call!
Holy Virgins, one and all,
Ready stand,
For the heavenly festival
Is at hand!

Come at last the nuptial day,
Tears for ever passed away;
Fled the prison-house, the clay,
And the thrall;
God for ever your sure stay,
And your all!

In his presence is the store,
Purest joys for evermore,
And the fountain flowing o'er—
No more night,
Safe upon the happy shore
Of the light!

What was Royalty's short flower?
Or the triumph of an hour?

What fleet Pleasure's fading bower
 And control ?
 God's own presence is the dower
 Of the soul !

Wondrous, glorious mystery,
 When the soul from flesh is free !
 Bond of sweetness which shall be
 When the heart
 Joined is to Deity,
 Never to part !

WILLIAMS.

PART II.

I now proceed to give the Latin hymns upon the same subject.

Urbs beata Hierusalem,
 Dicta pacis visio,*
 Quae construitur in coelis,
 Vivis ex lapidibus,
 Et angelis coornata
 Ut sponsata comite.

* The early Fathers, as well as the later hymn-writers, give "Vision of Peace," (*Visio p cis*) as the interpretation of Jerusalem. Thus Augustine "*Hierusalem interpretari visionem pacis Babyloniam confusionem,*" (*Err.* in Ps. 136, or in our version, 137.) Again, "*Sion speculatio, Hierusalem visio pacis,*" (on Ps. 135, at the close.) Again, "*Sicut Hierusalem interpretatur visio pacis ita Sion speculatio, id est visio et contemplatio,*" (on Ps. 65.) Mr Trench (p. 293) refers to Durandus as giving the explanation of the distinction, but Durandus had been anticipated by Augustine (if not by Jerome also) many a century before. After giving "*Speculatio*" as the meaning of Sion, he adds, "*Gestat imaginem ecclesi  qu  nunc est, sicut Hierusalem gestat imaginem ecclesi  qu  futura est,*" &c., (on Ps. 10, where the reader will find more upon the subject.)

Nova veniens e coelo,
Nuptiali thalamo ;
Praeparata ut sponsata
Copulata domino.
Plateae et muri eius,
Ex auro purissimo.

Portae nitent margaritis,
Adytis patentibus,
Et virtute meritorum
Illuc introducitur
Omnis qui pro Christi nomine
Hoc in mundo premitur.

Tusionibus, pressuris,
Expoliti lapides,
Suis coaptantur locis
Per manum artificis,
Disponuntur permansuri
Sacris aedificiis.

Angulare fundamentum
Lapis Christus missus est,
Qui compage parietum
In utroque nequitur,
Quem Sion sancta suscepit,
In quo credens permanet.

Omnis illa Deo sacra
Et dilecta civitas

Plena modulis in laude,
Et canore iubilo,
Trinum Deum unicumque
Cum favore praedicat.

Hoc in templo, summe Deus,
Exoratus adveni;
Et clementi bonitate
Precum vota suscipe,
Largam benedictionem,
Hic infunde iugiter.

Hic promereantur omnes
Petita accipere
Et adepta possidere
Cum sanctis perenniter,
Paradisum introire,
Translati in requiem.

DANIEL, vol. i. p. 239.

The following is a somewhat different version :—

Coelestis urbs Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,
Quae celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris,
Sponsaeque ritu cingeris
Mille angelorum millibus.

O sorte nupta prospera,
Dotata patris gloria,
Respersa sponsi gratia,
Regina formosissima,
Christo jugata principi
Coelo coruscas civitas.

Hic margaritis emicant
Patentque cunctis ostia,
Virtute namque praevia
Mortalis illuc ducitur,
Amore Christi percitus
Tormenta quisquis sustinet.

Scalpri salubris ictibus
Et tunsione plurima,
Fabri polita malleo,
Hanc saxa molem construunt,
Aptisque iuncta nexibus
Locantur in fastigio.

Alto ex Olympi vertice
Summi parentis filius,
Ceu monte desectus lapis
Terras in imas decidens,
Domus supernae et infirmae
Utrumque junxit angulum.

Sed illa sedes coelitum
Semper resultat laudibus,

Deumque trinum et unicum
Jugi canore praedicat ;
Illi canentes jungimur
Almae Sionis aemuli.

Haec templa, rex coelestium,
Imple benigno lumine ;
Huc o rogatus adveni,
Plebisque vota suscipe,
Et nostra corde iugiter
Perfunde coeli gratia.

DANIEL, vol. i. pp. 239-40.

The next Latin hymn that I quote is perhaps the finest and noblest of its kind. It is but little known, not having found its way into any of the Breviaries or common hymn selections. I take it from Hommey's *Supplementum Patrum* (p. 451). Mr Trench gives it at length (p. 313), with an omission of two lines and one or two slight variations. It is by Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, who died in 1132.

Me receptet Sion illa
Sion, David urbs tranquilla ;
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus signum lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri
Cujus cives semper laeti,*

* This and the preceding are the lines omitted by Mr Trench. I have left them as they stand in the original, not for the sake of the former line, but of the latter.

Cujus muri lapis vivus.
 Cujus custos rex festivus.
 In hac urbe lux solemnīs
 Ver aeternum, pax perennis.
 In hac odor* implens coelos,
 In hac semper festum melos.
 Non est ibi corruptela,
 Non defectus, non querela;
 Non minuti, non deformes;
 Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
 Urbs coelestis, urbs beata,
 Super petram collocata,
 Urbs in portu satis tuto,
 De longinquo te saluto,—†
 Te saluto, te suspiro,
 Te affecto, te requiro.
 Quantum tui gratulantur,
 Quam festive convivantur,
 Quis affectus eos stringat,
 Aut quae gemma muros pingat!
 Quis Chalcedon, quis Jacinthus!
 Norunt illi qui sunt intus.
 In plateis hujus urbis,
 Sociatus piis turbis
 Cum Moyse et Elia
 Praesta‡ cantem, Alleluia!

* Hommey gives *ordo* instead of *odor*; a misprint which Mr Trench has corrected.

† These words, and one or two others here, are taken evidently from a passage of Augustine, which I have quoted elsewhere. See Notes, p. 67.

‡ Trench alters this into *pium* cantem.

While quoting Hildebert, I may add a few striking lines of his on the abolition of Jewish rites by Christ; they are in leonine hexameters.

Quis locus Auroræ, postquam sol venit ad ortum
 Quisne locus votis teneat, cum navita portum?
 Lex Aurora fuit, bos et capra vota fuere,
 Crux sol, crux portus; hæc omnia præteriere.
 Crux clausit templum, crux solvit aenigmata legis
 Sub cruce cessat Ephod et deficit unctio regis.

HOMMEY, pp. 442, 443.

The next is one which commonly goes under the name of Augustine, though without ground. Mr Trench gives it as Damiani's.*

Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit avida,
 Clastra carnis præsto frangi clausa quaerit anima :
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur, exul frui patriâ.

Dum pressuris ac aerumnis se gemit obnoxiam,
 Quam amisit, dum deliquit, contemplatur gloriam;
 Praesens malum auget boni perditionem.

Nam quis promat summae pacis quanta sit lætitia,
 Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt aedificia,
 Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia !

* *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 297.

Solis gemmis pretiosis haec structura nectitur,
Auro mundo tanquam vitro urbis via sternitur ;
Abest limus, deest finus, lues nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, aestas torrens illic nunquam saeviunt ;
Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt ;
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum ;
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices, sol, vel cursus siderum ;
Agnus est felicitatis urbis lumen innociduum,
Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut sol praeclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati mutuo conjubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis iam securi numerant.

Omni labe defaecati carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritalis et mens unum sentiunt,
Pace multâ perfruentes scandalum non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,
Et praesentem veritatis contemplantur speciem,
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper idem existendi capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jucundi nullis patent casibus :
Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus juvenibus.

Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit ;
Inde virent, vigent, florent : corruptela corrui,
Immortalitatis vigor mortis ius absorbuit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt, quid nescire nequeunt ;
Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum,
Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium.

Licet cuiquam sit diversum pro labore meritum,
Caritas hoc facit suum quod amat in altero ;
Proprium sic singulorum fit commune omnium

Ubi corpus, illic iure congregantur aquilae,
Quo cum angelis et sanctae recreantur animae,
Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriae.

Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant,
Non satietas fastidit, neque fames cruciat :
Inhiantes semper edunt et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper melodias vox meloda concrepat,
Et in jubilum prolata mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores, Regi dant praeconia.

Felix coeli qui praesentem Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat altâ orbis volvi machinam,
Solem, lunam, et globosa cum planetis sidera.

Christe, palma bellatorum, hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum,
Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto laboranti proelio,
 Nec quietem post procinctum deneges emerito,
 Teque merear potiri sine fine praemio.

DANIEL. *Thes. Hymnol.* vol. i. p. 116. See also Königsfeld's
Lateinische Hymnen und Gesänge, p. 22.

The next is a long, but very beautiful hymn by Bernard of Clugny, a monk of the 12th century. It is called

LAUS PATRIAE COELESTIS.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur;
 O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
 O retributio! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis;
 Quid datur et quibus? æther egentibus et cruce dignis,
 Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis.
 Sunt modò prœlia, postmodò præmia; qualia? plena,
 Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna.
 Spe modò vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone;
 Nunc tribulatio; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ;
 Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
 Solvet enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit.
 Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus ibit Hebraeus;
 Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilæus.
 Patria luminis, in scia turbinis, in scia litis,
 Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis;
 Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
 Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
 Tunc erit omnibus insipientibus ora Tonantis
 Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis;

Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixâ,
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur, Auctor in ore.
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria pulcraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria collacrymantur;
Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus,
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
Est ibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo;
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo:
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus;
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque Christus.
Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modò rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora:
Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi, Spousus adest tibi, lux speciosa:
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita conjubilare.

Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis:

Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit :
O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena :
Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite
In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitaë.
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis :
Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,
Pectora flammea spe modò, postea sorte lucrantur.
Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cælo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelo :
Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,
Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro
Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,
Quo tua mænia, quo capitalia plena decore ;
Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, o Syon, o pax,
Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax ;
O sine luxibus, o sine luctibus, o sine lite
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto ;
Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte perire,
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ ;

Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,
 Quippe reatibus exitiis obruta, trita.
 Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fideque,
 Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.
 Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit;
 In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, à lue lavit.
 Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis,
 Parcere sordibus, interioribus unctio morbis;
 Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, fons David undans
 Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans;
 O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,
 Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cœlica festa.
 O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
 Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro,
 O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
 O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?
 Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, videbis.
 Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? dic, Retinebis
 O sacer, o pius, o ter et amplius ille beatus,
 Cui sua pars Deus, O miser, o reus hâc viduatus.

I take the above from Mr Trench's volume, p. 2-5.

Our next hymn is by Thomas à Kempis, and is titled

CANTICUM DE GAUDIIS CŒLESTIBUS.

Astant angelorum chori,
 Laudes cantant Creatori;
 Regem cernunt in decore,
 Clamant corde, laudant ore,

Tympanizant, citharizant,
Volant alis, stant in scalis,
Sonant nolis, fulgent stolis
Coram summâ Trinitate.
Clamant; Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus;
Fugit dolor, cessat planctus
In superna civitate.
Concors vox est omnium,
Deum collaudantium;
Fervet amor mentium
Clarè contuentium
Beatam Trinitatem in unâ Deitate;

.

O quàm præclara regio,
Et quàm decora legio
Ex angelis et hominibus!
O gloriosa civitas
In quâ summa tranquillitas,
Lux et pax in cunctis finibus!
Cives hujus civitatis,
Veste nitent castitatis,
Legem tenent caritatis,
Firmum pactum unitatis.
Non laborant, nil ignorant;
Non tentantur, nec vexantur
Semper sani, semper læti
Cunctis bonis sunt repleti.

To these poetic extracts, I add the following in prose. The first three are from Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim :

“ Thus would this poor man have taught those who now beheld him, though they had never read a word in their own souls, for his mind was so impressed with the happiness which he heard dwelt at *Jerusalem*, that he was not able to discharge his soul at any time of those thoughts and desires which lifted him up from the ground, and told him they would carry him thither. When he did eat or drink, *Jerusalem* would still be in his mouth ; when he was in company, *Jerusalem* stole away his heart from them ; nay, in his very sleep it would not stay away, but he was wont to dream fine things of *Jerusalem*. But that which makes the story of this person the more remarkable is, that it was toward the latter end of the year, and in the decay of all things, when these good thoughts began to spring up in his soul. When the earth had removed it self a great way from the Sun, when all the gallantry of the fields had resigned its place to Ice and Snow, when Charity grew cold, and Christian virtue seemed to be gone back to its root, when the ways were untrod, and few or no Travellers upon the Road, then did these zealous desires begin to bud in the heart of this honest Countryman, and he felt such a vehement heat, urging and stimulating his breast, that he could remain in

no quiet for thinking of his journey to that fair place, which had been so much commended to his love, as the most flourishing and glorious that ever eye beheld.” *

“ And that which made his desires the more forward was, that he had often heard *Jerusalem* by interpretation was no meaner place than the *Vision of Peace*. A sight that he had been long pursuing in several forms and shapes, wherein it had often seemed to present it self before him, but could never court it into his embraces. O my beloved (would he often sigh within himself) O my heart’s desire! O thou joy of the whole earth! In what corner of it dost thou hide thy self, and liest concealed from our eyes? Where art thou to be found, O heavenly good? Who will bring me to the clear vision of thy face? Art thou company only for the Cœlestial spirits; art thou so reserved for the Angels’ food, that we poor mortals may not presume to ask a taste of thy sweetness? What would not I part withal to purchase a small acquaintance with thee, and to know the place where thou makest thine abode? Many a weary step have I taken in a vain chase of thy society. The hours are not to be numbred which I have spent in wishing and labouring to lay hold on thee, and still thou fliest away from me. After all the sweat wherein I have bathed myself, I can

* Pp. 4, 5.

find nothing, but only that thou art not here to be found. Thou art retired, it seems, from this poor World, and hast left us only a shadow of thee; for when we think to clasp thee hard in our arms, the whole force and weight of our souls doth fall upon Nothing. O my heart, what ails thee? What torments are these which so suddenly seize upon thee? Ah cruel pains, the remembrance of which prepares a new rack for me! The arm of a Giant would not ake more, if with all his might he should strike a Feather, than my heart now doth but to think of the anguish it endured when all the strength and violence of its desires were met with emptiness and vanity. O, *Jerusalem, Jerusalem*, the only place that can ease us of this misery! the place where the beloved of my soul dwelleth, the Vision of Peace, the Seat of true Tranquillity and Repose, how fain would I have the satisfaction of being in the sure way to thy felicity! This is all the peace I wish for in the World. No other happiness do I thirst after, as every thing can testify that hath been privy to my thoughts. There is never a room in my house but hath been filled with the noise of the sighs and groans after thee, O *Jerusalem*. Every Tree that grows in my ground, hath thy sweet Name ingraven upon it. The Birds of the air, if they can understand, are witnesses how incessantly my soul pants and longs to fly unto thee, O *Jeru-*

salem. What charitable hand will guide me in the way to thy pleasures? Who will bring me into that strong City, the retreat of my wearied mind, the refuge to recruit my tired spirits, the only place of my security, my joy, my life it self? Wilt not thou, O God, who hast led me to the knowledge of it. who hast filled me with these desires, and hast brought me into a disesteem and contempt of all other things? O let not these desires prove the greatest torment of all unto me, for want of their satisfaction. O forsake not this soul, that hath forsaken all other delights, and taken its leave of every other comfort, that it may go and seek for thee at *Jerusalem.*”*

“Know then, that as to the situation of this City, it is agreed by all to be incomparably sweet, beyond the fairest place that this world of ours doth afford. For it is seated upon a very high Mountain, loftier than *Olympus* it self. which yet is said to lift its head above the Clouds, and to be obnoxious to none of our Storms and Tempests; and to be deprived of the Sun-beams by nothing else, but only the night it self. It is advanced I say far above the highest part of this heavy Earth and foggy Air, aspiring into the purer Skie; where the Sun never withdraws its rays, and where there is not the least shadow of Mist or Vapour, either to obscure its light, or to offend the most delicate

sense that can be conceived. There are nothing but pure and fragrant odours which perfume that happy climate; there is a perpetual calm and quiet which reigns in that noble region; there is no noise but that which infinitely delights and charms the soul into still and quiet meditations. But that which is of greatest remark and most to be remembered is, the glorious Prospect which a place of this advantage yields. All the World here presents it self before one's eyes; and makes them the Center in which the beauty and glory of it conspires to meet."*

The remaining extracts are from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with which I sum up this little volume, which, if it be of small importance, possesses at least some interest as embodying some of the spiritual songs of the olden time:—

"I saw then that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king called 'the river of God;' but John, 'the river of the water of life,' Ps. lxxv. 9; Rev. xxii. 1; Ezek. xlvii. 1-9. Now their way lay just upon the bank of this river; here, therefore, Christian and his Companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees with

* P. 83.

all manner of fruit; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely, Ps. xxiii. 2; Isa. xiv. 30. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang:—

‘ Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the high-way side.
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them; and he who can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all that he may buy this field.’

“ Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, Isa. lxii. 4-12; Cant. ii. 10-12, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this

country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, ‘as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.’ Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimages. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, ‘Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, His reward is with him!’ Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, ‘the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, fought out,’ &c.

“Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the City, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory

of the City, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out because of their pangs, ‘If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.’

“But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way; to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King’s, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties, Deut. xxiii. 24; he also showed them there the King’s walks and the arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

“Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms: they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation

upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river; and had such glorious companions to attend them.

“The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is ‘the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect,’ Heb. xii. 22-24. You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity, Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4, 5; xxii. 5. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; ‘For the former things are passed away,’ Isa. lxv. 16, 17. You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now ‘resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.’ The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was

answered, You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way, Gal. vi. 7, 8. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; ‘for there you shall see him as he is,’ 1 John iii. 2. There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also,

when he shall again return to the City, ye shall go too with found of trumpet, and be ever with him, 1 Thes. iv. 13-17; Jude 14, 15; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

“And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view; and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed!—Thus they came up to the gate.

“Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, ‘BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY,’ Rev. xxii. 14.

“Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate: the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place: and then the pilgrims gave in

unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation (said he) that keepeth truth may enter in,' Isa. xxvi. 2.

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of our Lord,' Matt. xxv. 23. I also heard the men themselves say that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever,' Rev. v. 13.

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There was also of them that had wings, and they an-

swered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord! And after that they shut up the gates: which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

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